CHINESE LITERATURE

Monthly 7 1966

CONTENTS

Hold High the Great Red Banner of Mao Tse-tung's Thought and Actively Participate in the Great Socialist Cultural Revolution 3

Never Forget the Class Struggle 21

On "Three-Family Village" — *Yao Wen-yuan* 29

Sweep Away All Monsters 65

THE SONG OF OUYANG HAI (excerpts from the novel) — *Chin Ching-mai* 71

To Comrade Chao Hsiao-shou, A Fighter Against Imperialism (a poem) — *Chen Yi* 133

A Home from Home (a story) — *Han Tung-liang* 135

NOTES ON LITERATURE

A Battle Song of Communism — *Liu Pai-yu* 142

LITERARY CRITICISM

The True Renegade Features of Sholokhov — *Tsai Hui* 156

CHRONICLE 163

PLATES

Transporting Lumber (water colour) — *Hsieh Peng-cheng* 28-29

Bumper Harvest of *Chingko* Barley (woodcut) — *Chao Tsung-tsao* 70-71

The River Banks Are Green Again (traditional painting)—*Chang Chin* 132-133

Front Cover: Teacher of a Tibetan Mobile School — *Khyikyag Daba*

No. 7, 1966

CHINESE LITERATURE

monthly

EDITOR: Mao Tun
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Yeh Chun-chien

Published by Foreign Languages Press
Pai Wan Chuang, Peking (37), China
Printed in the People's Republic of China

Hold High the Great Red Banner of Mao Tse-tung's Thought and Actively Participate in the Great Socialist Cultural Revolution

— Editorial of the *Liberation Army Daily* (*Jiefangjun Bao*) of April 18, 1966

Chairman Mao Tse-tung has taught us that classes and class struggle continue to exist in socialist society. He has said that in China "the class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the class struggle between the different political forces, and the class struggle in the ideological field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie will continue to be long and tortuous and at times will even become very acute." The struggle to foster what is proletarian and liquidate what is bourgeois on the cultural front is an important aspect of the class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between the socialist road and the capitalist road and between proletarian

ideology and bourgeois ideology. The proletariat seeks to change the world according to its own world outlook, and so does the bourgeoisie. Socialist culture should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, should serve proletarian politics, and should serve the consolidation and development of the socialist system and its gradual transition to communism. Bourgeois and revisionist culture serves the bourgeoisie, serves the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists, and paves the way for the restoration of capitalism. If the proletariat does not seize hold of the cultural positions, the bourgeoisie is bound to do so. This is a sharp class struggle. Since the remnant forces of the bourgeoisie in our country are still fairly large, since there are still a fairly large number of bourgeois intellectuals, since the influence of bourgeois ideology is still fairly strong and since their methods of fighting us have become increasingly sly and insidious, we shall find it difficult to see the struggle that is taking place and may fall victim to the sugar-coated bullets of the bourgeoisie or we may even lose our positions, if we slacken our vigilance or relax in the least. In this respect, the issue of which will win, socialism or capitalism, is not yet settled. The struggle is inevitable. Failure to handle it properly will give rise to revisionism.

Our People's Liberation Army, the people's armed forces created and led by the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao, is the most loyal tool of the Party and the people, and the mainstay of the dictatorship of the proletariat. It has always played an important role in the revolutionary cause of the proletariat, and it will do so in this great socialist cultural revolution as well. We must acquire a deeper understanding of the situation with respect to the class struggle in the ideological field, hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and unswervingly carry the socialist cultural revolution through to the end together with all the people of our country and make the literary and art work of our armed forces play a powerful part in giving prominence to politics and promoting the revolutionization of the people.

Sharp Class Struggle on the Cultural Front

The past 16 years have witnessed sharp class struggles on the cultural front.

In both stages of our revolution, the new democratic stage and the socialist stage, there has existed a struggle between two classes and two lines on the cultural front, i.e., the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie for leadership on this front. In the history of our Party, the struggles against both "Left" and Right opportunism also included struggles between the two lines on the cultural front.

Wang Ming's line was a bourgeois trend which was once rampant within our Party. In the rectification movement which started in 1942, Chairman Mao gave a thorough theoretical refutation first of Wang Ming's political, military and organizational lines and then, immediately afterwards, of the cultural line represented by him. Chairman Mao's *On New Democracy* and *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* are the most complete, the most comprehensive and the most systematic historical summaries of this struggle between the two lines on the cultural front. They have carried on and developed the Marxist-Leninist world outlook and theory on literature and art.

After our revolution entered the socialist stage, a whole series of important struggles on the cultural front were waged under the direct leadership of the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao, such as the criticism of the film *The Life of Wu Hsun,*[1] the criticism of the book *Studies in the "Dream of the Red Chamber"*,[2] the struggle against the Hu Feng counter-revolutionary clique,[3] the struggle against the Rightists, and the great socialist cultural revolution of the last three years. Chairman Mao's two works, *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People* and *Speech at the Chinese Communist Party's National Conference on Propaganda Work*, are the most recent summaries of the historical experience of the movements for revolutionary ideology and literature and art in China and other countries. They represent a new development of the Marxist-Leninist world outlook and theory on literature and art.

These four brilliant works form an important part of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung. They represent the peak of the contemporary Marxist-Leninist world outlook and theory on literature and art. They are the supreme guide for our work in literature and art and suffice for the needs of our proletariat for a long time.

In the decade and more since the founding of our People's Republic, a black anti-Party and anti-socialist line running counter to Mao Tse-tung's thought has existed in our literary and art circles. This black line is a combination of bourgeois ideas on literature and art, modern revisionist ideas on literature and art and what is called the literature and art of the 1930s (in the Kuomintang areas of China). Its typical expressions are such theories as those of "truthful writing,"[4] "the broad path of realism,"[5] "the deepening of realism,"[6] opposition to "subject matter as the decisive factor,"[7] "middle characters,"[8] opposition to "the smell of gunpowder,"[9] and "the merging of various trends as the spirit of the age."[10] Most of these theories were refuted long ago by Chairman Mao in his *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*. In film circles there are people who advocate "discarding the classics and rebelling against orthodoxy," in other words, discarding the classics of Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought and rebelling against the orthodoxy of people's revolutionary war. As a result of the influence or domination of this bourgeois and modern revisionist counter-current in literature and art, there are only a small number of good or basically sound works among post-liberation works about people's wars, the people's armed forces and other military subjects which truly praise revolutionary heroes and serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and socialism; some are anti-Party and anti-socialist poisonous weeds, while many works are somewhere in between. Some works distort the historical facts, concentrating on the portrayal of erroneous lines instead of the correct line; some describe heroic characters who, however, always violate discipline, or create heroes only to make them die in an artificially tragic ending. Some works do not present heroic characters but only "middle" characters who are actually backward people, caricatures of workers, peasants or soldiers; in depicting the enemy, they fail to expose his class nature as an exploiter and oppressor of

the people, and even go so far as to prettify him. Then there are other works concerned only with love and romance, pandering to philistine tastes and claiming that love and death are eternal themes. All such bourgeois, revisionist trash must be resolutely opposed.

The struggle between the two roads on the front of literature and art in society is bound to be reflected in the armed forces, which do not exist in a vacuum and cannot possibly be an exception to the rule. Our armed forces are the chief instrument of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Without the people's armed forces led by the Party there would have been neither the victory of our revolution nor the dictatorship of the proletariat and socialism, and the people would have nothing. Inevitably, therefore, the enemy will try by every means to undermine our armed forces from all sides; and they will inevitably use literature and art as a weapon to corrupt our armed forces. We must be very much on our guard against this. However, not everybody shares this view. Some claim that the problem of the orientation of literature and art in our armed forces is already solved, that what remains is mainly the problem of raising our artistic level. This fallacy is most pernicious and is not based on concrete analysis. In point of fact, some works of literature and art of our armed forces are taking the right direction and have reached a comparatively high artistic level; some are taking the right direction but their artistic level is low; some have serious defects or mistakes in both political orientation and artistic form; and some are anti-Party and anti-socialist poisonous weeds. During the great upheavals in the class struggles on the literary and art front since liberation, some literary and art workers in the army have failed to pass the test, committing major or minor mistakes. This shows that literary and art work in the armed forces has also been influenced to a greater or lesser degree by the black anti-Party and anti-socialist line. In accordance with the instructions of the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao, we must actively participate in the great socialist revolution on the cultural front, completely eliminate this black line and liquidate its influence on the armed forces. After we are rid of this black line, still others may appear

and the struggle must go on. This is an arduous, complex, long-term struggle which will take dozens of years, perhaps hundreds. It is vital for the revolutionizing of our armed forces, for the future of the Chinese revolution and for the future of the world revolution that we should unswervingly carry the great socialist cultural revolution through to the end.

A New Situation in the Great Cultural Revolution

Since the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party in September 1962, when Chairman Mao called upon the whole Party and the entire Chinese people never to forget classes and class struggle, the struggle to foster what is proletarian and liquidate what is bourgeois on the cultural front has developed further.

The last three years have seen a new situation in the great socialist cultural revolution. The most outstanding example is the emergence of Peking operas on contemporary revolutionary themes. Those working to reform Peking opera, led by the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao and armed with Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought, have launched a heroic and tenacious offensive against the literature and art of the feudal class, the bourgeoisie and the modern revisionists. Peking opera, formerly the most stubborn of strongholds, has thus been radically revolutionized, both in ideological content and in artistic form, and this has started a revolutionary change in literary and art circles. Peking operas with contemporary revolutionary themes like *The Red Lantern*, *Shachiapang*, *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* and *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*, the ballet *Red Detachment of Women*, the symphony *Shachiapang* and the sculptures *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* have been approved by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, and enthusiastically acclaimed by Chinese and foreign audiences. They are pioneer efforts which will have a profound and far-reaching impact on the socialist cultural revolution. They effectively prove that even that most stubborn stronghold Peking opera can be taken by storm and revolutionized and that foreign classical art forms like the ballet, symphonic music and sculpture can also be remoulded to serve our

purpose. This should give us still greater confidence in revolutionizing other forms of art. At the same time, these successes deal a powerful blow at conservatives of various descriptions and at such views as the "box-office value" theory, the "foreign currency value" theory and the theory that "revolutionary works cannot travel abroad."

Another outstanding feature of the great socialist cultural revolution in the past three years is the widespread mass activity of workers, peasants and soldiers on the ideological and literary and art fronts. Workers, peasants and soldiers are now writing many fine philosophical articles which express Mao Tse-tung's thought in a practical way. They are also producing many fine works of literature and art to praise the triumph of our socialist revolution, the big leap forward on all the fronts of socialist construction, our new heroes, and the brilliant leadership of our great Party and our great leader Chairman Mao. The numerous poems by workers, peasants and soldiers which appear on wall newspapers and blackboards are especially noteworthy, since both in content and form they represent an entirely new age.

During these few years an excellent situation in the cultural work of our armed forces has also emerged. Since Comrade Lin Piao took charge of the affairs of the Military Commission of the Central Committee of the Party, he has taken a firm grip on literary and art work and given us many important instructions. The Resolution on Strengthening Political and Ideological Work in the Armed Forces passed at the enlarged meeting of the Military Commission in 1960 clearly specifies that literary and art work in the armed forces "must, in close conjunction with the tasks of the armed forces and in the context of their ideological situation, serve the cause of fostering proletarian ideology and liquidating bourgeois ideology and consolidating and improving fighting capacity." Most of our literary and art workers in the armed forces have given prominence to politics, creatively studied and applied the works of Chairman Mao, lived with the companies or in the villages and factories, taken an active part in the socialist education movement, linked themselves with workers, peasants and soldiers, further tempered themselves and remoulded their ideology, and raised their level of proletarian

consciousness. As a result, they have produced excellent plays like *On Guard Beneath the Neon Lights*, excellent novels like *The Song of Ouyang Hai*, and some fairly good reportage, soldiers' poems, music, dances and fine art. A number of promising writers and artists have emerged.

Of course, these are merely the first fruits of our socialist cultural revolution, the first step in a long march of ten thousand *li*. In order to safeguard and extend this achievement, to carry the socialist cultural revolution through to the end, we must work hard for a long time. The literary and art workers of our armed forces must strive to make a worthy contribution.

Create New and Original Socialist and Proletarian Works and Foster Good Models

To create a new socialist literature and art, we must foster good models, and leading comrades must see to this themselves. Only when we have good models and successful experience in producing them will our arguments prove convincing, and will we be able to consolidate the positions we hold.

We should have the courage to blaze new trails, to create new and original socialist and proletarian works. The basic task of socialist literature and art is to strive to create heroic workers, peasants and soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Chairman Mao has pointed out:

If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other.

So the class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie on the literary and art front centres on which class to eulogize, which class to portray heroes from, and which class to choose men from to occupy the dominant position in works of literature and art. Here lies the line of demarcation in the literature and art of different classes.

The fine qualities of the heroes who have appeared from among the workers, peasants and soldiers nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought are the epitome of the proletarian class character. We should enthusiastically create heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers.

We should create typical characters and not confine ourselves to actual persons and events. Chairman Mao has said that "life as reflected in works of literature and art can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life." This means that our writers must sum up the material from real life accumulated over a long period to create typical characters of various kinds.

To create heroic characters successfully, we must adopt the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, and must not adopt the bourgeois method of critical realism or romanticism.

Writers in the armed forces should make it their glorious task to depict revolutionary wars, propagate Chairman Mao's theory of people's war, and create heroic characters in revolutionary wars. When we write about revolutionary wars, we must first be clear about their nature — ours is the side of justice, the enemy's is the side of injustice. Our works must show our arduous and heroic struggles and sacrifices, but must also display revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism. While depicting the cruelty of war, we should not dwell excessively on its horrors. While depicting the arduousness of the revolutionary struggle, we should not dwell excessively on the sufferings. The cruelty of a revolutionary war and revolutionary heroism, the arduousness of the revolutionary struggle and revolutionary optimism are the unity of opposites, but we must be clear which is the principal aspect of the contradiction; otherwise, if we put the emphasis wrongly, a bourgeois pacifist trend will emerge. While depicting the people's revolutionary war, whether in the stage in which guerrilla warfare was primary and mobile warfare supplementary, or in the stage in which mobile warfare was primary, we must correctly show the relationship between the regular forces, the guerrillas and the people's militia and between the armed masses and the unarmed masses under the leadership of the Party.

It is no easy matter to produce good models of proletarian literature and art. Strategically we must make light of this task, but tactically

we must take it seriously. To create a fine work is an arduous process, and the comrades in charge of literary and art work must never adopt a bureaucratic or casual attitude towards it but must work hard, sharing the writers' joys and hardships. As far as possible, they must get their material first hand. They should not be afraid of failures or mistakes. They should allow for failures and mistakes and let people correct their mistakes. They must rely on the masses, get the opinions of the masses and refer back to the masses, so that by repeatedly undergoing the test of practice over a long period a work may become better and better and achieve the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form. In the course of practice they must sum up their experience in good time, gradually grasping the laws of various forms of art. Otherwise, no good models can be produced.

There are many important revolutionary historical and contemporary themes which urgently need portrayal in a planned and systematic way. A powerful nucleus of truly proletarian writers and artists will be trained in the process.

Emancipate the Mind, Overcome Superstition

The socialist cultural revolution must overthrow certain things and establish others. If certain things are not thoroughly overthrown, others cannot be truly established. To carry out the socialist cultural revolution and create a new socialist literature and art, we must emancipate our minds and overcome superstition.

We must overcome our superstitious reverence for what is called the literature and art of the 1930s (in the Kuomintang areas of China). At that time the Left-wing literary and art movement followed Wang Ming's "Left" opportunist line politically; organizationally it practised closed-doorism and sectarianism; and its theory of literature and art was virtually that of such Russian bourgeois literary critics as Belinsky,[11] Chernyshevsky[12] and Dobrolyubov,[13] bourgeois democrats of tsarist Russia who had bourgeois ideas, not Marxist ones. The bourgeois-democratic revolution is a revolution in which one exploiting class opposes another. It is only the socialist revolution of the proletariat that finally destroys

all exploiting classes. Therefore, we must not take the ideas of any bourgeois revolutionary as the guiding principle in our proletarian ideological or literary and art movements. There were of course good things in the 1930s too, namely, the militant Left-wing literary and art movement led by Lu Hsun. Towards the end of the 1930s, some Left-wing leaders influenced by Wang Ming's Right capitulationist line abandoned the Marxist-Leninist class standpoint and put forward the slogan of "a literature of national defence." That was a bourgeois slogan. It was Lu Hsun who put forward the proletarian slogan, "Literature of the masses for the national revolutionary war." Some Left-wing writers and artists, notably Lu Hsun, also raised the slogans that literature and art should serve the workers and peasants and that the workers and peasants should create their own literature and art. However, no systematic solution was found for the basic problem of how to integrate writers and artists with the workers, peasants and soldiers. The great majority of these men were followers of bourgeois nationalism and democracy, a number of whom failed to pass the test of the democratic revolution, while others have not given a good account of themselves under the test of socialism.

We must overcome blind reverence for Chinese and foreign classical literature. The classical literature and art of China and those of Europe (including Russia) have exercised a considerable influence on our literary and art circles, and some people have looked on them as models and accepted them in their entirety. But Chairman Mao has taught us that "uncritical transplantation or copying from the ancients and the foreigners is the most sterile and harmful dogmatism in literature and art." Ancient and foreign works should be studied too, and refusal to study them would be wrong; but we must do so critically, making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China.

As for the relatively good revolutionary literary and art works of the Soviet Union, which appeared after the October Revolution, they too must be analysed and not blindly worshipped or, still less, blindly imitated. Blind imitation can never become art. Literature and art can only spring from life which is their sole source. This

is borne out by the whole history of ancient and modern literature and art, both Chinese and foreign.

Practise Democratic Centralism, Follow the Mass Line

All leading personnel in literary and art work as well as writers and artists must practise democratic centralism, support the practice of "letting all people have their say" and oppose the practice of "what I say goes." We must follow the mass line and see to it that politics are given prominence. In the past, writers sometimes produced a piece of work and, turning a deaf ear to the opinions of the masses, forced the leadership to nod in approval. This way of doing things is very bad. The cadres in charge of literature and art should always bear in mind two points in dealing with creative work in literature and art: first, they must be good at listening to the opinions of the masses; second, they must be good at analysing these opinions, accepting those which are right and rejecting those which are wrong. There are no perfect works of literature and art, but if a work is basically good, we should point out its shortcomings and errors so that it can be improved upon. Bad works should not be hidden away but brought out for appraisal by the masses. We must not be afraid of the masses but should have firm faith in them, for they can give us much valuable advice. And through such appraisal those whose ideas are confused will improve their powers of discrimination.

Encourage Revolutionary, Militant, Mass Criticism of Literature and Art

We must encourage revolutionary, militant, mass criticism of literature and art, break the monopoly of literary and art criticism by a few "critics" (those going in a wrong direction or lacking in militancy). We must place the weapon of criticism of literature and art in the hands of the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and integrate professional critics with critics from among the masses. We must

make this criticism more militant and oppose unprincipled vulgar praise. We must reform our style of writing, encourage the writing of short, popular articles, transform our literary and art criticism into daggers and hand-grenades and learn to handle them effectively in close combat. Of course, we must at the same time write some longer, systematic articles of greater theoretical depth. We must present the facts and reason things out, not use jargon to frighten people. This is the only way to disarm the self-styled critics of literature and art. Critics must give warm support to works which are good or fundamentally sound, while pointing out their shortcomings in a helpful manner. And principled criticism must be made of bad works. In the theoretical field, typical fallacies on literature and art must be thoroughly and systematically criticized. We must not mind being blamed for "brandishing the stick." When some people accuse us of over-simplification and crudity, we must make our own analysis. Some criticisms we make are basically correct but are not sufficiently convincing because the analysis and the evidence adduced are inadequate. These should be improved. Some people who start by accusing us of over-simplification and crudity drop the charge when they gain a better understanding. But when the enemy condemns our correct criticisms as over-simplified and crude, we must stand firm. We must have regular criticism of literature and art; it is an important method of waging the struggle in the field of literature and art as well as of Party guidance of the work in this field. Without correct literary and art criticism we cannot maintain a correct orientation in literature and art or enable creative work to flourish.

Use Mao Tse-tung's Thought to Re-educate Cadres in Charge of Literature and Art and Reorganize the Ranks of Writers and Artists

To carry out a thoroughgoing socialist cultural revolution we must re-educate the cadres in charge of literature and art and reorganize the ranks of writers and artists. As far back as the struggle on the

Chingkang Mountains, the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army set up a red contingent of writers and artists under the direct leadership of Chairman Mao and the brilliant guidance of the resolution of the Kutien meeting. During the War of Resistance Against Japan, with the growing political and military strength of our Party and army, our contingent of writers and artists made great headway. In the base areas and in the armed forces, we trained a considerable number of revolutionary literary and art workers. Especially after the publication of the *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, they maintained the correct orientation, persisted in the path of integrating themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and played a positive role in the revolution. The question now is that, after the liberation of the whole mainland, some people were unable to resist the corrupting influence of bourgeois ideas when we entered the large cities, with the result that they have fallen out in the course of our advance. And the newcomers among the literary and art workers in the armed forces have brought with them the influence of various bourgeois views on literature and art. There are also a small number of people who have not been remoulded at all, but cling stubbornly to the bourgeois stand.

Our literature and art is a proletarian literature and art, a Party literature and art. What distinguishes us above all from other classes is the principle of the proletarian party spirit. We must realize that the spokesmen of other classes also have their principle of party spirit, and a very strong one too. We must firmly abide by the principle of the proletarian party spirit and combat corruption by bourgeois ideology in the following three fields, i.e., the ideas guiding creation in literature and art, the organizational line and working style. We must draw a clear line between our ideology and bourgeois ideology; we must never peacefully coexist with it.

The literary and art workers in our armed forces have various problems, but for the majority of them, the question is to acquire a correct understanding, to receive more education and to attain a higher level. We must regard Chairman Mao's writings as our supreme guide, seriously study and grasp his teachings on literature and art,

and pay special attention to putting them into practice and creatively applying what we learn to our thinking and actions, so that we really master Mao Tse-tung's thought. We must carry out his instructions and "for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source," to integrate ourselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, remould our thinking, raise the level of our political consciousness and whole-heartedly serve all the people of China and of the world, with no thought of fame or profit and without fear of hardship or death. We must make it our life-time endeavour to study Chairman Mao's works, devote ourselves to the revolution and remould our thinking. Only thus can we carry out Comrade Lin Piao's instructions and be ready to pass any stiff test with flying colours in our thinking, our life and our professional skills. Only thus can our literary and art work better serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, serve socialism and help to consolidate and raise the fighting capacity of our armed forces.

An upsurge of the great socialist cultural revolution has taken shape and is now assuming the form of a mass movement. This great revolutionary tide will wash away the mire of all the old bourgeois ideas on literature and art and usher in a new epoch of socialist proletarian literature and art. Confronted with this excellent revolutionary situation, we should be proud to be thoroughgoing revolutionaries. Our socialist revolution is a revolution to eliminate the exploiting classes and all systems of exploitation once and for all and to root out all exploiting class ideas which are injurious to the people. We must have the confidence and courage to do things never previously attempted. We must raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and, under the leadership of the Central Committee of the Party, Chairman Mao and the Military Commission, actively participate in the great socialist cultural revolution, unswervingly carry it through to the end and strive to create a new socialist literature and art worthy of our great country, our great Party, our great people and our great army.

NOTES

1. *The Life of Wu Hsun* was a pernicious film slandering the revolutionary tradition of the Chinese people and advocating bourgeois reformism and capitulationism. Wu Hsun was a landlord's toady in the Ching dynasty, but the film presented him as a great man who was willing to sacrifice himself to provide the sons of poor peasants with a chance to study. An editorial of the *People's Daily* on May 20, 1951 sternly pointed out the reactionary nature of this film and called on the whole country to criticize it. This was the first large-scale criticism of reactionary bourgeois ideas after the establishment of New China.

2. Yu Ping-po, the author of *Studies in the "Dream of the Red Chamber"*, evaluated the novel from an idealist viewpoint, using bourgeois methods of textual research. In September 1954 a nation-wide movement was launched to criticize it. This was a struggle between proletarian and bourgeois ideology and against bourgeois idealism.

3. The Hu Feng counter-revolutionary clique: Hu Feng was a renegade who sneaked into the ranks of the revolution. After liberation he organized a secret clique among literary and art circles to carry out counter-revolutionary activities. In 1954 he presented a 300,000-character "suggestion" to the Central Committee of the Party, viciously attacking the Party's policy and Mao Tse-tung's teachings on literature and art. In May and June, 1955 the *People's Daily* published three collections of material on Hu Feng's counter-revolutionary clique, thoroughly exposing and smashing its counter-revolutionary plot.

4. The theory of "truthful writing" was advocated by the revisionists. The counter-revolutionary Hu Feng was an exponent of it, and so was Feng Hsueh-feng. They had ulterior motives and under the cover of "truthful writing" tried to oppose the class character and tendency of socialist literature and art, as well as the use of the socialist spirit in literature and art to educate the people. They advocated "truthful writing" in order to seek out the "seamy side" of life in socialist society and the rotten things left over from history, so as to paint our splendid socialist society in dark colours.

5. The theory of "the broad path of realism" was advocated by some anti-Party and anti-socialist writers and artists who, opposing Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, argued that it was out of date and urged that a different and broader path should be found. This was the nature of "the broad path of realism" advocated by Chin Chao-yang and others. In their view, the correct, broad path of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers was too narrow, was "hard-boiled dogmatism" and "confined writers to an unalterable, narrow path." They argued that each author should write whatever he pleased according to his "different personal experience of life, education and temperament and artistic individuality." They wanted writers to abandon the worker-peasant-soldier orientation and explore "new fields which would give unlimited scope to their creativeness."

6. Shao Chuan-lin, formerly Vice-Chairman of the Chinese Writers' Union, advanced the theory of "the deepening of realism" while advocating "writing about middle characters." According to this theory, writers should depict "the old traits" in the people, summarize "the spiritual burdens of individual peasants through the centuries" and create complex "middle characters." They should write about "everyday" events to "reveal the greatness in trivial things" and attempt to show "the rich diversity of the world in a crumb of rice." To Shao Chuan-lin, the only realist writing was that depicting "middle characters" riddled with inner contradictions, summarizing "the spiritual burdens of individual peasants through the centuries" and presenting the "painful stages" of the peasants' transition from an individual to a collective economy. This, he contended, was the only way to "deepen realism," whereas praising the revolutionary heroism of the people and describing the heroes among them was neither true nor realistic. This theory of "the deepening of realism," which was taken directly from bourgeois critical realism, is thoroughly reactionary.

7. The theory of opposition to "subject matter as the decisive factor," which was opposed to the socialist view of literature and art, found keen support from Tien Han, Hsia Yen and others. Proletarian writers must consider what subject matter is of value to the people before they start writing and a specific subject should be selected and written up in order to foster proletarian ideology and liquidate bourgeois ideology and encourage the masses to be firm in taking the socialist road. But to advocates of this theory, these correct views were restrictions and fetters which "must be thoroughly eliminated." Under the pretext of enlarging the scope of subject matter, they proposed discarding the classics of revolution and rebelling against the orthodoxy of war. They argued that too many of our films dealt with the revolution and armed struggle and that unless a break was made, no really new films could be produced. Other advocates of this theory were in favour of writing works with "human interest," "love of mankind," "insignificant people" and "minor events." The aim of these proposals was actually to lead literature and art astray from the path of serving proletarian politics.

8. The chief exponent of the theory of "middle characters" was Shao Chuan-lin. He put forward this proposal time and again between the winter of 1960 and the summer of 1962. He slandered the vast majority of our poor and lower-middle peasants as people in an "intermediate state" vacillating between socialism and capitalism. He hoped that more writing about middle characters would undermine readers' faith in socialism and serve to curb or oppose the creation of heroes of the socialist age in works of literature and art.

9. Opposition to "the smell of gunpowder": Modern revisionist literature plays up the horrors of war and propagates the philosophy of survival and capitulationism to sap the people's fighting will and serve the needs of the imperialists.

In recent years there were also some people in China who repeatedly clamoured that our writing reeked of gunpower and our stage bristled with guns, and that this was inartistic. They wanted writers to discard the classics of revolution and rebel against the orthodoxy of war. This theory was in essence a reflection of the revisionist trend in our literary and art circles.

10. "The merging of various trends as the spirit of the age" was an anti-Marxist-Leninist fallacy put forward by Chou Ku-cheng, who denied that the spirit of the age is the spirit which propels the age forward and that the representative of this spirit is the advanced class which propels the age forward. He argued that the spirit of the age was a "merging" of the "different ideologies of different classes," and that it included "pseudo-revolutionary, non-revolutionary and even counter-revolutionary ideas." This was a thoroughly reactionary theory aimed at class conciliation.

11. V. G. Belinsky (1811-1848) was a Russian democrat, literary critic, thinker and writer on aesthetics who opposed the serf system and the despotic rule of the tsar in his literary criticism.

12. N. G. Chernyshevsky (1828-1889) was a Russian democrat, critic and writer who upheld revolutionary democratic ideas and opposed the tsar and serfdom.

13. N. A. Dobrolyubov (1836-1861) was a Russian democrat and critic of literature and art who engaged in activities against the rule of the tsar and the serf system.

Never Forget the Class Struggle

—Editorial of the *Liberation Army Daily* (*Jiefangjun Bao*) of May 4, 1966

The publication of our editorial "Hold High the Great Red Banner of Mao Tse-tung's Thought and Actively Participate in the Great Socialist Cultural Revolution" has evoked a great response both inside and outside our army. The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and revolutionary cadres, showing a high degree of revolutionary enthusiasm, have sent in articles and letters; they are actively participating in the struggle and voicing their deep indignation at the black anti-Party and anti-socialist line in the cultural field. They understand that the current great polemic on the cultural front is definitely not a question concerning only a few articles, plays and films, nor is it merely an academic debate. It is an extremely sharp class struggle. It is a struggle to defend Mao Tse-tung's thought, a struggle on a cardinal issue of right and wrong. It is an acute, protracted struggle on the question of which will win out

in the realm of ideology, the proletariat or the bourgeoisie. We must energetically foster proletarian ideology and liquidate bourgeois ideology in academic work, education, journalism, literature and art and other spheres of culture. This is a crucial question affecting the deepening of our country's socialist revolution at the present stage, a question concerning the overall situation, and an issue of prime importance affecting the destiny and future of our Party and state as well as the world revolution. We revolutionary fighters should none of us stand aloof or be indifferent to this struggle. We must respond to the call of the Party, hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, take an active part in this class struggle and resolutely carry the great socialist cultural revolution through to the end.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung teaches us that classes and class struggle continue to exist in socialist society and that the struggle between the road of socialism and the road of capitalism still goes on. The socialist revolution on the economic front (in the ownership of the means of production) is insufficient and cannot be consolidated by itself. There must also be a thoroughgoing socialist revolution on the political and ideological fronts. A very long period of time is needed to decide which will win out in the struggle between socialism and capitalism in the political and ideological fields. Several decades will not suffice; anywhere from one to several centuries will be required for success. In fact, as Chairman Mao has pointed out, there has never been a year, a month or even a day in the 16 years since liberation when the class struggle on the cultural front has halted. We have had, for instance, the criticism of the film *The Life of Wu Hsun* in 1951, the criticism of the book *Studies in the "Dream of the Red Chamber"* and then of the reactionary ideas of Hu Shih in 1954, the criticism of Hu Feng and the struggle against his counter-revolutionary clique in 1955, the counter-attack against the fanatical onslaught of the bourgeois Rightists on the cultural front in 1957, the emergence of numerous bourgeois and revisionist poisonous weeds in the form of films, dramas and literary works since 1959 and our struggle against them, the criticism of Yang Hsien-chen's theory of "two combining into one" in 1964, and the current great polemic which, begun with the criticism of Wu Han's *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, is now being

carried to a greater depth. One struggle has followed another, each increasingly profound. After we are rid of this black line, others may appear and the struggle must go on. This shows that class struggle is independent of man's will and is inevitable. The anti-Party and anti-socialist elements will stubbornly show their bourgeois nature by every possible means. You cannot expect them to do otherwise. These people give verbal support to socialism, but in reality they are infatuated by capitalism and cling to the corpse of the bourgeoisie. They are hostile to the dictatorship of the proletariat and have a deep-seated resentment against and hatred of the Party and socialism. Whenever there is a suitable climate, they will give vent to these feelings, and whenever some wind stirs the grass, they will raise their ugly heads. After being repeatedly exposed, criticized and dealt blows by the broad masses, they will resort to more covert, crafty, round-about and zigzag tactics to continue their attacks on the Party and socialism.

The noteworthy thing is that in the present new situation of class struggle, the attacks launched against us by this handful of anti-Party and anti-socialist elements have new features. They are waving "red flags" to oppose the Red Flag and donning the cloak of Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought to oppose Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought. Taking advantage of the functions and powers given them by the Party and Government, they have put some departments and units under their control, resisted the leadership of the Party and committed anti-Party and anti-socialist crimes through the instruments in their hands. These people are mostly so-called authorities, and they are rather "well known" in society. They are still worshipped by some people who do not know the facts. They think that they still possess enough capital to have a trial of strength with the proletariat and they desperately defend the stronghold of bourgeois ideology. Their anti-Party and anti-socialist activities are not isolated or accidental but are in tune with the international anti-China chorus raised by the imperialists, the modern revisionists and the reactionaries, in line with the activities of the overthrown reactionary classes within our country to attempt a come-back and in co-ordination with the anti-Party activities of the Right opportunists

within our Party. Their anti-Party and anti-socialist activities are to a certain extent deceptive and are extremely harmful. Our struggle with them is a life-and-death one. We must be fully aware of this and maintain sharp vigilance. As for those who have turned out a number of bad works but are at one with the Party and socialism, their shortcomings and errors can be rectified in the course of practice. A strict distinction should be made between these comrades and the handful of anti-Party and anti-socialist elements.

Before our nation-wide victory, Chairman Mao Tse-tung warned us:

After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns; they are bound to struggle desperately against us; we must never regard these enemies lightly. If we do not now raise and understand the problem in this way, we shall commit very grave mistakes.

Restoration of capitalism invariably takes the form either of violence or of "peaceful evolution," or of a combination of both. U.S. imperialism and the other class enemies at home and abroad attempt not only to overthrow us by violence but also to conquer us by "peaceful evolution," by the use of "sugar-coated bullets." In a hundred and one ways, they are spreading reactionary political and ideological viruses and the bourgeois way of life in an attempt to corrupt and corrode the Communists, the proletariat and the other revolutionary people, hoping to bring about the degeneration of some weak-minded persons in our ranks into bourgeois elements and to make socialism gradually retrogress to capitalism. It is indeed a profound lesson that the Soviet Union, the first great socialist state founded by Lenin and born amid the salvoes of the October Revolution, has been going down the road of capitalist restoration through a process of "peaceful evolution" under the control and manipulation of a handful of revisionists who have usurped the leadership of the Party and state. Chairman Mao Tse-tung teaches us:

Class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment are the three great revolutionary movements for building a mighty socialist country. These movements are a sure guarantee that Communists will be free from bureaucracy and immune against revisionism and dogmatism, and will for ever remain invincible. They are a reliable guarantee that the proletariat will be able to unite with the broad working masses and

realize a democratic dictatorship. If, in the absence of these movements, the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and ogres of all kinds were allowed to crawl out, while our cadres were to shut their eyes to all this and in many cases fail even to differentiate between the enemy and ourselves but were to collaborate with the enemy and become corrupted and demoralized, if our cadres were thus dragged into the enemy camp or the enemy were able to sneak into our ranks, and if many of our workers, peasants, and intellectuals were left defenceless against both the soft and the hard tactics of the enemy, then it would not take long, perhaps only several years or a decade, or several decades at most, before a counter-revolutionary restoration on a national scale inevitably occurred, the Marxist-Leninist Party would undoubtedly become a revisionist party or a fascist party, and the whole of China would change its colour.

We must keep this teaching of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's firmly in our minds and never forget the class struggle in the period of socialism; we must never ignore the battle against the enemies without guns.

Chairman Mao also teaches us that "any given culture (as an ideological form) is a reflection of the politics and economics of a given society, and the former in turn has a tremendous influence and effect upon the latter" and that "a cultural revolution is the ideological reflection of the political and economic revolution and is in their service." He further says:

... while we recognize that in the general development of history the material determines the mental and social being determines social consciousness, we also — and indeed must — recognize the reaction of mental on material things, of social consciousness on social being and of the superstructure on the economic base.

In the 16 years since liberation, the economic base of socialism and the political power of the dictatorship of the proletariat have been established in China and are daily growing stronger. The socialist revolution on the economic and political fronts has won great victories. However, the political viewpoints and the ideology of the overthrown bourgeoisie and other exploiting classes still have strong influence. They not only impede the development of the economic base of socialism but are actively employing bourgeois and revisionist culture to pave the way for the restoration of capitalism. The question of which will win out in the ideological sphere is far from settled. We must pay great attention to the reaction of the superstructure on the

economic base and to the class struggle in the ideological sphere. The victory of the socialist revolution on the economic and political fronts cannot be consolidated without the victory of the socialist revolution in the ideological sphere.

We must never think that the wild attack launched against us by this handful of revisionist and bourgeois elements is merely a "scholars' rebellion" which will amount to nothing much. We must never regard our struggle against them as only paper polemics that have no effect on the overall situation. In fact, every counter-revolutionary restoration starts in the realm of the mind — including ideology, the superstructure, theoretical and academic work, literature and art — so as to mould public opinion. This was what happened when the Khrushchov revisionists usurped the leadership of the Soviet Communist Party. Likewise, in Hungary in 1956, it was a number of revisionist and bourgeois writers, artists and intellectuals who organized the Petofi Club and acted as the shock brigade in the counter-revolutionary riots. The present furious attacks against our Party and against socialism by a handful of revisionist and bourgeois elements in our country represent their attempt to realize their fond dream of restoring capitalism. If we are not vigilant against these enemies without guns, do not counter-attack them resolutely, but give bourgeois ideas free rein and allow their plots to be carried out, there is the danger that the foundations of our socialism will be undermined and that our country will change its colour.

The Chinese People's Liberation Army is an army of workers and peasants founded and led by the Party and Chairman Mao; it is the mainstay of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the defender of the cause of socialism. We must keep close watch on the enemies with guns and be ready at all times to defeat armed attacks by U.S. imperialism and its lackeys; at the same time, we must be highly vigilant against the enemies without guns and firmly crush the bourgeoisie's criminal plots against the Party and against socialism. The cadres and men of our army should not only be brave soldiers charging through enemy fire on the battlefield but also staunch proletarian fighters against "sugar-coated bullets" on the political and ideological fronts. We must follow Chairman Mao's teachings, fully recognize

the protracted, tortuous and complex nature of the class struggle in the period of socialism and never forget the existence of class struggle. We must arm our minds with Mao Tse-tung's thought and observe, analyse and deal with everything from the viewpoint of class struggle and with the method of class analysis. We must criticize erroneous things, uproot poisonous weeds and strike down ogres of all kinds whenever we see them; we must never allow them to run wild and incite and create trouble.

It is on the basis of Chairman Mao's theory on the existence of classes and class struggle in socialist society that Comrade Lin Piao issued his directive on giving prominence to politics. Politics is the struggle of class against class. To give prominence to politics means that we must give prominence to proletarian politics, take Mao Tse-tung's thought as the guide and class struggle as the key link, and wage the struggle to foster proletarian ideology and liquidate bourgeois ideology. Our armed forces do not live in a vacuum. Through various channels, class struggles in society will inevitably be reflected in our armed forces and in the mind of every one of us. We must never underestimate the influence on us of the class struggle in the ideological sphere. Good works of literature and art and good articles can help raise our political consciousness and heighten our fighting will. But bad films, plays, novels and articles, if we do not examine them, criticize them and boycott them, will poison our minds, gradually transform us and lead us on to the wrong track. Historical experience proves that no enemy, however ferocious and whatever his tricks, is to be feared. What is to be feared is that we ourselves should relax vigilance and let ourselves be disarmed mentally. The present great socialist cultural revolution is a most vivid, most practical education in class struggle and is also a test for every cadre and man in our army politically and ideologically. Every comrade must closely follow and give great attention to the development of the present great cultural revolution with a high sense of political responsibility and great revolutionary fervour, and actively join this great struggle to get himself tempered, educated and remoulded and raise his political consciousness in the process.

The era of Mao Tse-tung is the era in which the workers, peasants and soldiers master revolutionary theory. They are demonstrating their role as the main force in this great socialist cultural revolution. Although the "scholars," "specialists" and "professors" who oppose the Party and socialism don all sorts of cloaks, strike grand poses and deliberately turn simple things into mysteries, they can neither daunt nor mislead us. We have the all-conquering weapon of Mao Tse-tung's thought and ardent hearts loyal to the Party, to socialism and to Mao Tse-tung's thought. Truth is with us. The cadres and men of our army have a firm and clear-cut political stand, keen political awareness and discerning eyes. They can distinguish between the enemy and ourselves and between right and wrong. Provided we make efforts to study and apply Chairman Mao's works creatively, arm ourselves with his thought, dare to despise the "authority" of the revisionist and bourgeois elements and dispel blind faith in them, we will certainly be able to see through the true features of these ogres and monsters and expose them to the light of day. Let us hold ever higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, resolutely destroy the black anti-Party and anti-socialist line of the bourgeoisie and the revisionists, and carry the great socialist cultural revolution through to the end!

Transporting Lumber (water colour) ▶
by Hsieh Peng-cheng

Hsieh Peng-cheng, born in 1937 in Changsha, Hunan Province, is an art worker at the Children's Palace in Changsha.

Yao Wen-yuan

On "Three-Family Village"

—The Reactionary Nature of *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from Three-Family Village*

On April 16, 1966 the fortnightly *Frontline* (*Qianxian*) and the *Peking Daily* (*Beijing Ribao*) published some material under the title "A Criticism of Three-Family Village and *Evening Chats at Yenshan*" with an editorial note. The note says:

> Our magazine and paper published these articles without timely criticism; this is wrong. The reason is that we did not put proletarian politics in command and that our minds were influenced by bourgeois and feudal ideas, and hence in this serious struggle we lost our stand or vigilance.

This is a gross lie. The author of *Evening Chats at Yenshan* is Teng To, while *Notes from Three-Family Village* represents a "gangster inn" run jointly by Teng To, Liao Mo-sha and Wu Han. Teng To was the editor-in-chief of *Frontline*, and he controlled and monopolized

---

This article was first published simultaneously in the two Shanghai's newspapers *Jiefang Ribao* and *Wen Hui Bao* on May 10, 1966.

the leading posts in the ideological and cultural work of Peking Municipality. He and his cronies of Three-Family Village made *Frontline*, the *Peking Daily*, the *Peking Evening News* (*Beijing Wanbao*), etc. instruments for opposing the Party and socialism, pursued a rabid anti-Party, anti-socialist, Right opportunist, i.e., revisionist, line and served as spokesmen of the reactionary classes and the Right opportunists in their attacks on our Party. Could this be just a case of "loss of vigilance" and of publication "without timely criticism"? After letting loose so many vicious blasts against the Party and socialism, how can they claim that their minds are only a little "influenced" by bourgeois ideas? We must thoroughly expose this huge swindle.

Everyone still remembers that at the start of the criticism of Wu Han's drama, *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, Teng To feigned a correct posture. After hectic plotting, he used the pen-name Hsiang Yang-sheng and wrote a long article, "From *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* to the Theory of Inheriting Old Ethical Values," which appeared simultaneously in the *Peking Daily* and *Frontline*. This article, which was designed to save Wu Han under the guise of "criticizing" him, was a thoroughly anti-Party and anti-Marxist poisonous weed. Does the prominence given by both the *Peking Daily* and *Frontline* to Teng To's article "criticizing" Wu Han merely show a "loss of vigilance"? Merely a "relaxation of the class struggle on the cultural and academic front"? No, not at all. Their vigilance is very high. They spared no effort in their class struggle against the Party and the people. When they saw that the problem of Wu Han could no longer be glossed over, Teng To hastily came out with a fake criticism; but one who had always acted a negative role could not act a positive role convincingly, and so left a great many holes. Then, as soon as it became clear that even Teng To could not be saved, they hastily wrote another fake criticism in the name of the editorial departments, stubbornly fighting back to prevent the struggle from going deeper. But this sham was even more obvious, and there were even more holes. They are trying to deceive people by this talk of not putting proletarian politics in command and not making a timely criticism, hoping by their bogus criticism of Teng To and Three-Family Village to fool the readers and the Party into believing that they are on the side of truth.

How can they clear up the problem by taking such an attitude? How can they "unfold serious criticism"? The editorial note says that Wu Han "time and again . . . spoke on behalf of the Right opportunists who were dismissed from office." This was something which they first tried to cover up but which they now have to admit because it was exposed earlier on. The editorial note also says that Liao Mo-sha was "a protagonist consciously opposing the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought." But the reference to Teng To towards the end simply says that he "glorified dead men and stubbornly advocated learning from them.... He propagated a large number of feudal and bourgeois ideas, opposing Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought." No mention, however, is made of his anti-Party, anti-socialist activities, which makes the whole thing hard to believe. Do the countless poisonous weeds in the 150-odd articles of *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and in *Notes from Three-Family Village* just advocate "learning from dead men"? Do they just propagate feudal and bourgeois ideas? Do they represent only an ideological mistake and not a political problem? Is it logical and credible that two out of the three "brothers" in Three-Family Village are anti-Party and anti-socialist, while the third who actually did most of the writing merely advocates "learning from dead men"? Starting with a great flourish and then petering out and making a fake criticism in the hope of slipping by, they are simply putting on a show of criticism to resist the instructions of the Central Committee of the Party. Isn't this clear enough?

The material under the title "What Did *Evening Chats at Yenshan* Actually Advocate?" compiled to support the editorial note covers two whole pages of the *Peking Daily*, and yet it too tries to gloss over the sharp political questions. The sub-titles of the various sections read: "Distorting the Party's Directive 'Let a Hundred Flowers Blossom and a Hundred Schools of Thought Contend', Advocating Complete Freedom for Bourgeois Ideas"; "Idealizing All Aspects of the Feudal Social System"; "Using Corpses from Old Feudal Times to Resurrect the Bourgeoisie"; "Propagating the Exploiting Classes' Decadent Philosophy of Life"; and "Using Ancient Things to Satirize the Present and Attacks by Innuendo."

Sub-titles reveal the tendency and judgement of editors. This method of editing suggests to the reader that *Evening Chats at Yenshan* contained little or nothing which was opposed to the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao or which supported the Right opportunists, and was different in character from *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*. Prominence is given in the first section to the distortion of the Party's policy of "let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend," while "Using Ancient Things to Satirize the Present" is put at the end with a few mild comments and one or two examples for the sake of appearances. Anyone with a discerning eye can see at a glance what the editors are up to.

When we investigate the matter, however, we find that it is not at all as they present it. A great mass of political comments, which grossly slandered the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao, supported the Right opportunists and attacked the General Line and the cause of socialism, are either left out or abridged, while some of the most obviously vicious comments using ancient things to satirize the present and oppose the Party and socialism have been included in other sections in a deliberate attempt to make them stand out less; and there is not a single word about the pernicious nation-wide influence of *Evening Chats at Yenshan*. On the other hand, excerpts which did not touch on vital problems are presented with a great fanfare. There is an attempt to turn big issues into small ones and slip through. In particular, the editors have concealed the fact that the mass of articles attacking the Party written by Teng To, Wu Han and Liao Mo-sha during this period were not produced independently of each other but were produced by the partnership of Three-Family Village under direction, according to plan and with clear co-ordination. Wu Han was in the van and Liao Mo-sha followed close behind, but of these three warriors the real "commanding general," the manager and boss of the Three-Family Village gangster inn was none other than Teng To himself.

Comrade Mao Tse-tung has taught us: "We must firmly uphold the truth, and truth requires a clear-cut stand." (*A Talk to the Editorial Staff of the "Shansi-Suiyuan Daily"*) In a sharp and complex class struggle, all sorts of disguises are bound to be encountered.

Only when we hold high and in prominence the revolutionary banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, adhere to principle, persist in the truth, and speak out clearly without mincing our words to expose the true nature of things, can we avoid being taken in by disguises. Since *Frontline* and the *Peking Daily* have suddenly raised the problem of *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from Three-Family Village* but are concealing the truth, it is obviously the duty of all revolutionaries to make a thorough exposure of the reactionary character of these writings. Despite the jumble of trash in them, once we make an analysis we can see that they consistently follow a single black anti-Party and anti-socialist line, just as "Hai Jui Scolds the Emperor" and *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* do, and some dark clouds have been raised up over China's political skies in the last few years. It is now time to reveal the inside story of this big Three-Family Village gangster inn more fully.

How Did *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from Three-Family Village* Come on the Stage?

Evening Chats at Yenshan and *Notes from Three-Family Village* came on the stage close on the heels of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*. They formed a deliberate, planned and organized major attack on the Party and socialism, master-minded in detail by Three-Family Village. One look at the time-table will give us a clear picture of what happened.

Hai Jui Dismissed from Office was published in *Peking Literature and Art* (*Beijing Wenyi*) in January 1961. Today, the reactionary nature of this drama has become increasingly evident. It directed its spear-head precisely against the Lushan meeting and against the Central Committee of the Party headed by Comrade Mao Tse-tung, with a view to reversing the decisions of that meeting. The clamorous message of the drama was that the dismissal of the "upright official Hai Jui," in other words of the Right opportunists, was "unfair" and that the Right opportunists should come back to administer "court affairs," that is, to carry out their revisionist programme. It was

then the urgent desire of the author to support a Right opportunist come-back and resumption of office so as to bring about the restoration of capitalism. This was also the common desire of the "brothers" of Three-Family Village.

The drama was praised and supported by certain people as soon as it was published; and the "brothers" of Three-Family Village went wild with joy in the belief that their vanguard had won the first round. Rubbing his hands with glee, Liao Mo-sha wrote in the *Peking Evening News* on January 2, 1961, "After the winter drums have sounded, the spring grass begins to grow.... An all-out effort will begin in spring." This was early spring for Three-Family Village. Then, on February 16 Liao Mo-sha wrote an open letter to Wu Han, "congratulating" him on "breaking through the door and dashing out . . . in order to encourage people to greater efforts." He suggested "a division of labour and co-operation" between "history" and "drama." On February 18 Wu Han in his role as vanguard replied to his "elder brother," "May I suggest to you, brother, that you too break through the door and dash out?" And he added boastfully, "You say I have broken through the door and dashed out; you have hit the nail on the head. That is precisely what I have done. This door must be broken through." What an aggressive posture, what brave airs! It really looked as if he meant to fight it out. He believed that the time for the offensive had arrived and that with the production of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* the winter drums had sounded and the gang should ready themselves for "an all-out effort."

On February 25, 1961, one week after the shout, "This door must be broken through!", Wu Han in an article "Meetings of 'Immortals' and a Hundred Schools of Thought Contending" burst out with the statement, "We must have a series of meetings of 'Immortals' at different levels right down to the grass roots.... Since the men at the grass roots are doing practical work and are in touch with reality, their problems are more concrete, striking and concentrated." He called on all those at the grass roots level "with misgivings in their hearts" to go into action. He shouted about "clearing away all obstacles along the forward path of contention by a hundred

schools of thought." And he boasted smugly, "Perhaps I can be rated as an intellectual, having studied for more than forty years, taught in universities for some twenty years, and written several books." Thus he considered that, with his capital and the backing of the bosses behind the scenes, the time had come for the anti-Communist bourgeois intellectuals to take the stage and show their prowess.

In March 1961, amid this great fanfare and in the "dramatic" atmosphere of night and cloud raised by *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, immediately after Wu Han had "cleared the path" with his staff, the commanding general took the stage. With *Evening Chats at Yenshan*, he "broke through the door and dashed out" "at the suggestion of friends." Teng To said he had been "compelled to mount horse," but this is wrong. Rather, he was "begged to mount horse." After the vanguard had cleared the way, and with another "brother" wielding the whip for him, wasn't it time for the commanding general to mount horse?

Close on the heels of Wu Han's preface to *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* came *Notes from Three-Family Village*. In August 1961, when the reactionary classes in the country were intensifying their attacks, Wu Han made a special point in his introduction to the same book, "This drama lays stress on the uprightness and tenacity of Hai Jui, who was undaunted by force, undismayed by failure and determined to make a fresh start after defeat." He actively incited and supported the Right opportunists who had been "dismissed from office" to renew their attacks on the Party. In this preface he gloated over the way in which his friends were helping to plan his campaign and claimed that his effort was "a modest spur to induce others to come forward with valuable contributions," to "induce" many other poisonous weeds to come out. Then on October 5, 1961, in an article entitled "Show Concern for All Things" in the column *Evening Chats at Yenshan*, Teng To quoted the couplet:

> Sounds of wind, rain and the reading of books all fill my ears;
> Family, state and world affairs, I show concern for them all.

He declared with deep feeling that this "fully reflected the political ideals of the scholars of the Tunglin party at that time," and that "this couplet has a really profound significance." The Tunglin

party was an "opposition party" within the landlord class during the Ming dynasty. The reason why Teng To so much admired their "political ideals" was that the term "opposition party" resounded in his mind. Apparently, he felt that all the "sounds of wind and rain," all the ill winds and pestilential rains of the time, had induced such a state of restlessness that he must take a step further to live up to his "political ideals," "show concern for all things," and launch even more open attacks on the Party and on socialism. Only a few days later, on October 10, 1961, the "Three-Family Village" signboard was publicly hung up in *Frontline*, edited by Teng To, and this underground factory was turned into an open partnership. The three partners concentrated their fire, and in its first issues extremely vicious attacks, like "Great Empty Talk" and other articles, were launched against the leadership of the Central Committee of the Party.

The appearance of *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from Three-Family Village* signified another offensive against the Party, which was planned, organized and under direction, following up on *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*. Only by linking up the writings of the Three Families can we get to the bottom of this gangster inn's secrets.

A Black Line and Gusts of Ill Wind

Teng To explained how the topics for *Evening Chats at Yenshan* were chosen when he said, "I often thought of, saw or heard of things which struck me as problems, and these at once provided topics." Since Teng To was in a position of leadership, what things did he see? What people did he hear talking? His remarks disclose that these evening chats were written to deal with "problems" from real life over which he felt dissatisfaction. Some of the vicious anti-Party and anti-socialist stuff was first heard and then written up by him. In all cases, the points of departure and themes of these essays were important current political issues intimately bound up with reality, and were by no means just the "idealizing of the ancients." This clue, provided by the author himself, helps us to see clearly

that *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from Three-Family Village* are shot through and through with the same black anti-Party, anti-popular and anti-socialist line as that followed in "Hai Jui Scolds the Emperor" and *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, namely, slanderous attacks on the Central Committee of the Party headed by Comrade Mao Tse-tung; attacks on the General Line of the Party; all-out support for the attacks of the Right opportunists who had been "dismissed from office" in an attempt to reverse earlier correct decisions concerning them; and support for the frenzied attacks of the feudal and capitalist forces. In step with the changes in the situation of the class struggle at home and abroad and with the different "problems" thought of, seen and heard of, they selected different lines of attack and there was a division of labour, in which they complemented and responded to each other, in whipping up a succession of black waves and gusts of ill wind.

The Ninth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party, held in January 1961, pointed out:

> **The great achievements of our country during the last three years show that the Party's General Line for socialist construction, the big leap forward and the people's communes suit the realities of China.... In view of the serious natural calamities which affected agricultural production for two successive years, the whole nation must concentrate in 1961 on strengthening the agricultural front.**

The communique of this plenary session pointed out sharply:

> **... a very small number of unregenerate landlord and bourgeois elements, accounting for only a few per cent of the population ... invariably try to stage a come-back.... They have taken advantage of the difficulties caused by the natural calamities and of some shortcomings in the work at the primary levels to carry out sabotage.** (*Communique of the Ninth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China*)

These elements stirred up an anti-Party and anti-socialist ill wind, did their utmost to slander and vilify the socialist cause of the Party and the people and abused the Central Committee of the Party in a futile attempt to overthrow the Party's General Line. Serving the political ends of the bourgeois and landlord class elements who were attempting a come-back, *Evening Chats at Yenshan*, which appeared

soon after the plenary session, exploited certain economic difficulties caused by the grave natural calamities to concentrate on stirring up an evil flurry of attacks on the General Line and on bolstering up the restorationist activities of the landlord and capitalist classes.

On March 26, 1961, Teng To raised the slogan, "Welcome the 'miscellaneous scholars.'" Who were these "miscellaneous scholars"? According to him, they were those "with a wide range of knowledge" and knowing "an assortment of bits of everything." He said: "The noted scholars of yore could all, more or less, be classified as miscellaneous scholars." He added the warning to the Party: "It will be a great loss to us if we now fail to acknowledge the great significance of the wide range of knowledge of the 'miscellaneous scholars' for all kinds of work of leadership and for scientific research work." "Work of leadership," please note. Here is the vital issue. From these words of Teng To's it is quite clear that the "miscellaneous scholars" were none other than the unregenerate elements and intellectuals of the bourgeois and landlord classes, a handful of characters of dubious political background, as well as such reactionaries as the "scholars" of the landlord and bourgeois classes. The motley collection of the dead — emperors, generals and ministers, scum of all sorts, feudal die-hards, and charlatans like geomancers — all of whom Teng To wrote about with great awe in his articles, have their memorial tablets in the ancestral temple of the "miscellaneous scholars." Using their "knowledge" as their capital, such characters are trying desperately to intrigue themselves or climb into leading positions at different levels and change the nature of the dictatorship of the proletariat. In demanding that we recognize the "great significance" of the "miscellaneous scholars" for the "work of leadership," Teng To was, in effect, demanding that the Party open the door to those "miscellaneous scholars" who had taken the capitalist road and allow them to lead in "all kinds of work of leadership" and in "scientific research work" — in other words, in the academic and ideological fields — and so to prepare public opinion for the restoration of capitalism. He styled himself a first-rate "miscellaneous scholar." At that time some bourgeois elements were eagerly urging the "leadership" to "respect" their "wide range of

knowledge" of how to carry out capitalist exploitation. They wanted to use this "knowledge" of theirs to change socialist enterprises into capitalist enterprises. The slogan "Welcome the 'miscellaneous scholars'" raised by Three-Family Village in support of the seizure of leadership by members of the exploiting classes must not be regarded as mere empty talk. Did not the "miscellaneous scholars" of Three-Family Village actually control a number of leading positions?

On April 13, 1961 Teng To demanded in his essay "Guide Rather than Block" that "everything" should be "actively guided to facilitate its smooth development." "Blocking the path of the movement and development of things" is "doomed to failure." "Everything," please note, including those dark, reactionary things that are anti-Party and anti-socialist. If we are to persist in the socialist road, we have to block the road to the restoration of capitalism; if we are to support all new-born, revolutionary things, we have to strike down all decadent, counter-revolutionary things. As the saying goes: "There is no construction without destruction, no flowing without damming and no motion without rest." To clear the way for the tide of revolution, we must dam the tide of reaction. By demanding that instead of blocking we should "facilitate the smooth development" of "everything," including anti-socialist things, was not Teng To clearly demanding that we should practise bourgeois liberalization and bend and surrender to the ill winds which were blowing at the time, the winds of "going it alone" (i.e., the restoration of individual economy) and of the extension of plots for private use and of free markets, the increase of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas based on the household? "Guiding" meant paving the way, and these men styled themselves "the vanguard paving the way" — for the capitalist forces. Three-Family Village counted on the "failure" of socialism and the "certain triumph" of the black wind of capitalist restoration, and thought they could now openly throw themselves into the arms of the reactionary forces for the development of capitalism!

On April 30, 1961, in an essay "The Theory of Treasuring Labour Power," Teng To levelled a direct attack on us for not "treasuring labour power." Mentioning the dictatorship of the proletariat and that of the landlord class in the same breath, he argued that "as far back as the periods of the Spring and Autumn Annals and the Warring States and thereabout," the exploiting classes "discovered certain objective laws governing the increase and decrease of labour power... through the experience of their rule" and were able to calculate the limits on "the labour power to be used in different kinds of capital construction." Teng To demanded that "we should draw new enlightenment from the experience of the ancients, and take care to do more in every way to treasure our labour power." Everybody knows that we give the utmost attention to treasuring labour power. In all its work the Chinese Communist Party proceeds from the fundamental interests of the broad masses of the people and is wholeheartedly in their service. On the other hand, none of the slave-owner and landlord classes in history cared about anything but the insatiable and cruel exploitation of the working people, thus arousing the slaves and the peasants to one great uprising after another. How could they recognize the "objective laws governing the increase and decrease of labour power"? All this was merely an attempt to slander the General Line and the great leap forward as not "treasuring labour power" by exploiting the temporary difficulties caused by the natural calamities at the time, and a demand that we should give up the General Line of going all out, aiming high and building socialism with greater, quicker, better and more economical results, give up developing agriculture in a big way and abandon the revolutionary policy of energetically building a prosperous country through self-reliance, but instead use the landlord class's "experience as rulers" to undermine the dictatorship of the proletariat. What Teng To was saying, in other words, was this: It is "beyond your capacity" to carry on through self-reliance. This is "excessively forced." Call a halt at once. Give it up quickly and use the old methods of the "miscellaneous scholars" of the landlord class! Was this not clearly coordinated with the vicious attacks of U.S. imperialism and modern revisionism? Had we followed this line, not only would we have had no Taching, no Tachai, no atom bombs, but we would have been reduced to an imperialist colony.

It is by no means accidental that both before and after the publication of this article, Teng To ranted in favour of learning from the Khrushchov revisionist clique. In his essay "The Way to Make Friends and Entertain Guests," he advocated "learning from" and "uniting with" countries "stronger than our own" and said, "We should be pleased if a friend is stronger than we are." In the essay "From Three to Ten Thousand," he swore, "If a man with a swelled head thinks he can learn a subject with ease and kicks his teacher out, he will never learn anything." This was a vicious attack on our struggle against modern revisionism and a demand that we ask the revisionists in and let the wolves into the house. We want to learn from all the experience and lessons beneficial to socialist construction that the world provides, but we must never learn from revisionism. We warmly welcome the victorious development of every revolutionary cause, but we must never welcome revisionism. In his series of indirect accusations, "reviling the locust tree while pointing to the mulberry," Teng To sings exactly the same tune as the Right opportunists, slandering the Party line for socialist construction as "forced" and claiming that China's only "way out" is to "learn from" the Soviet revisionist clique and practise revisionism in China.

In stirring up this evil wind, Three-Family Village raised a hullabaloo and cleared the way for the release of all kinds of monsters from confinement, collaborating from within with sinister forces from without. In league with the reactionaries in China and abroad and with the modern revisionists, it made dastardly attacks on the Party's General Line for socialist construction, the great leap forward and the people's communes, and painted modern revisionism in glowing colours in a vain attempt to create public opinion favourable to a comeback by the Right opportunists.

In June and July 1961 Three-Family Village let loose another vicious blast. July 1 was the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Communist Party of China. Holding high the red banner of the General Line, the great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party headed by Comrade Mao Tse-tung was leading the Chinese

people forward triumphantly along the socialist road amidst sharp struggles against reactionaries in China and abroad and against serious natural calamities. Not reconciled to their defeat, the domestic reactionary forces and the Right opportunists who had been dismissed from office were trying harder than ever to have the previous decisions reversed, in an attempt to negate the repudiation of the Right opportunists at the Lushan meeting and the fruits of the various other major political struggles since liberation. It was at this moment that the "brothers" of Three-Family Village shot poisoned arrows thick and fast at the Central Committee of the Party in support of the Right opportunists.

On June 7, 1961 Wu Han described another "trumped-up case" in an insidious article ostensibly written in memory of Yu Chien. He glorified Yu Chien who had been dismissed from office, calling him "unbending and simple," and a man whose "spirit will live for ever." He made a point of stating that Yu Chien had been "rehabilitated," that "Yu Chien's political enemies failed one after another," and that he was moreover appointed "Secretary of War (Minister of National Defence)." "Rehabilitate" is a modern term which no emperor would ever have used. By using it, Wu Han betrayed what was in his mind, namely, that the proletarian revolutionaries would fail one after another and the Right opportunists would soon be rehabilitated.

On June 22, 1961, shortly after Wu Han's article on Yu Chien, Teng To published "The Case of Chen Chiang and Wang Keng." It was so blatantly vicious that the author's heart misgave him and he dared not include it in the collected volumes of *Evening Chats at Yenshan.* We can find it, however, in the *Evening Chats* column in the *Peking Evening News.* The author claims to have picked this "anecdote" up from some old books because it was so "thought-provoking." The article threw out hints about a "deliberately exaggerated and trumped-up case," but the revelation comes in the last paragraph, which reads:

> By the reign of Empress Dowager Ming Su, the Sung government was growing daily more corrupt. There was no intelligent and capable prime minister at the top with responsible assistants to take charge of personnel and administration, while the local officials lower down did exactly as they pleased.

As a result, he wrote, "this case was inflated and complicated." This was venomous slander, directed against our Party and expressed in the counter-revolutionary language of landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists. The ostensible attack on Empress Dowager Ming Su and on the prime minister was a malevolent denigration of the Central Committee of the Party, while the statement that "local officials lower down did exactly as they pleased" was a malicious denunciation of Party cadres at various levels, a charge that the Right opportunists and other anti-Party elements had been unjustly treated. He even used the modern term "inflated." What sort of thought was provoked? Was it not the thought that would pave the way for reversing the previous decisions on the Right opportunists and other anti-Party elements? Was it not the thought that would release monsters to attack socialism and the dictatorship of the proletariat? What is particularly interesting is the fact that Teng To pinned his hope of reversing the previous decisions on an "intelligent and capable prime minister" coming forward and seizing the leadership. To those with discerning eyes, it is as clear as daylight what kind of people he was appealing to for the seizure of power. This is the true voice of the commanding general of Three-Family Village. He refrained from including this article in the collection, but the harder one tries to conceal a thing, the more it attracts attention.

At the same time, in another article "The Prosperity and Decline of Two Temples," Teng To gave full vent to his feelings about the fate of two temples. One had had many worshippers and was "famed far and near," while the other was "in decline" and "ignored all along." For fear that others might not understand his meaning, he urged readers to apply this to "similar situations," implying that we had cold-shouldered the Right opportunists and stopped paying tribute to them. Teng To expressed strong dissatisfaction over the fate of being "ignored all along" that had overtaken those anti-Party, anti-socialist clay idols who had fallen from their political pedestals, the Right opportunists and other anti-Party elements who were utterly

spurned by the Party and the people. He wanted the Party to "esteem" them highly again, to put these clay idols "in decline" back in their shrines.

Immediately afterwards, Wu Han in his introduction to *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* cried even more openly, "Although Hai Jui lost his post, he did not give in or lose heart." He shouted about the need to be "undismayed by failure and determined to make a fresh start after defeat." This was the common cry of Three-Family Village at the time, and certainly not an isolated phenomenon. They not only incited the Right opportunists to try again, but also redoubled their own efforts.

On July 25, 1962 Three-Family Village came out with a most venomous anti-Communist article, entitled "Special Treatment for 'Amnesia.'" They vilified responsible Party members as suffering from "amnesia," which made them "quickly forget what they have seen and said . . . go back on their own word, fail to keep faith," and become quite "capricious." They proposed "hitting the patient over the head with a special club to induce a state of 'shock.'" They were not only using exactly the same language as the Right opportunists to slander the Central Committee of the Party which they hated; they actually wanted to finish off the proletarian revolutionary fighters with one blow. What poison! Were they not hoping to render revolutionaries unconscious or kill them so that revisionism could seize power? This article was a stark revelation of their deep class hatred for the Party, an attack on our Party made completely from the stand of the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists.

The series of facts listed above definitely proves that *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* not only represented Wu Han's personal political attitude but was a prelude to the anti-Party, anti-socialist political activities of the Three-Family Village clique in support of the Right opportunists who had been "dismissed from office." The members of this small clique, who pinned their hope on the seizure of power in the Party and government by the anti-Party, anti-socialist elements, stirred up an adverse current. "Like mayflies trying to topple the giant tree, they ridiculously overrated themselves" — the

slanderous attacks by this handful of anti-Party, anti-socialist elements could not damage the great prestige of our Party in the least, but only revealed their own criminal features, aroused the people's anger, and ended up in their repudiation by the Party and the people.

The Three-Family Village offensive was at its most frenzied from the start of publication of *Notes from Three-Family Village* until March 1962, when the Third Session of the Second National People's Congress met. In the first place, during this period, the imperialists, reactionaries and modern revisionists abroad had intensified their anti-China chorus, which was very noisy for a time. At the 22nd Congress of the CPSU in October 1961, the leadership of the CPSU systematized the revisionist line which it had been gradually developing since the 20th Congress, and pushed further ahead with its revisionist political line for splitting the international communist movement and restoring capitalism. In China, the reactionary classes and their political agents, aiming to come back to power, took advantage of the three consecutive years of serious natural calamities we had suffered to launch a still wilder all-out attack in the political, economic and cultural fields in a futile attempt to overthrow the Party leadership and the dictatorship of the proletariat at the very time when we were implementing the policy of "readjustment, consolidation, filling out and raising of standards."

Two articles typified how Three-Family Village sized up the situation during this period. The first, "On Waves" by Wu Han, appeared on January 1, 1962. With irrepressible fanaticism he hailed the "wave" that had been pounding society "during the past half year and more." He joyously declared that "this is a really big tidal wave," advertising the counter-current against the Party leadership and the dictatorship of the proletariat as one of its achievements. He predicted that this "tidal wave" would grow "bigger and bigger." Blinded by inordinate ambition, Wu Han believed that the gang he belonged to would win and the adverse current of revisionism would become the main stream. Shortly afterwards, on February 4, in his article "This Year's Spring Festival" which later he dared not include in the collection *Evening Chats,* Teng To wrote even more explicitly, "The bitter cold of the north wind will soon come to an end. In its stead a warm

east wind will blow and a thaw will soon set in on this earth." Was not "thaw" one of the terms in the out-and-out counter-revolutionary vocabulary used by the Khrushchov revisionist clique against Stalin? Blinded by inordinate ambition, this gang now predicted that by 1962 socialist New China would "soon come to an end," that the dictatorship of the proletariat would be toppled by the anti-socialist adverse "tidal wave" and "in its stead" there would be a Right-opportunist or revisionist regime, that Three-Family Village would gain greater influence and would be able to do whatever it wanted. Comrades, you can see how eagerly this group wished China to have a revisionist "thaw!"

It was with this estimate of the situation that Three-Family Village launched its wild all-out offensive.

On November 10, 1961 Teng To came out with his article "Great Empty Talk" in *Notes from Three-Family Village*. In ostensibly criticizing a child's poem, he indirectly condemned the statement that "the East wind is our benefactor and the West wind is our enemy" as "empty talk," "jargon," "cliches" and "pomposity." This was a flagrant denigration of the Marxist-Leninist scientific thesis that "the East wind prevails over the West wind" as "empty talk." Teng To said, "In certain special situations such great empty talk is inevitable," hinting to readers that what he was condemning was not the child's poem but our Party's ideological weapon for carrying on the struggle and educating the masses in "special situations," that is, in the international and domestic class struggle. What was Teng To's purpose? It was to slander the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, which leads us forward, as "empty talk," to get us to abandon Mao Tse-tung's thought in our political life, and to give up the Marxist-Leninist line. He went so far as to make the arrogant demand that our Party should "say less and take a rest when the time comes for talking." If Mao Tse-tung's thought were laid to rest, would it not become possible for revisionist ideas to run rampant? This desperate denunciation of Mao Tse-tung's thought could not do it the least harm; on the contrary, it showed even more clearly that Mao Tse-tung's thought is an ideological weapon of unlimited revolutionary force which makes all monsters tremble with fright.

In close co-ordination with the above, Three-Family Village brought out a series of articles attacking Mao Tse-tung's thought and maligning revolutionaries. *Evening Chats at Yenshan* came out with the article "Give It Up and You Will Be on Firm Ground." Its central idea was that the Party should "give up" the General Line for socialist construction, and it ridiculed those who would not give it up for being "blind" and "looking for trouble." It demanded that the Party should "boldly give it up" so as to come down to "firm ground," i.e., the ground of capitalism. On November 25 Liao Mo-sha also published two articles, "Wherein Lies Confucius' Greatness?" and "Jokes About Being Afraid of Ghosts." In the first he sang the praises of Confucius for being "rather 'democratic' and welcoming criticisms of his theories," implying that the Party should encourage bourgeois democracy and thus allow the reactionary elements to come forward and attack Mao Tse-tung's thought. In the second he vindictively slandered Mao Tse-tung's thought and vilified revolutionary Marxist-Leninists as "braggarts . . . who claim that they are not afraid of ghosts but are actually frightened out of their wits by them." He tried to show them up as "utterly ridiculous." Everybody knows that the great Chinese Communist Party and the great Chinese people, educated by Mao Tse-tung's thought, are not only not afraid of monsters and ghosts, but are determined to destroy all the monsters and ghosts in the world.

Only heroes can quell tigers and leopards,
And wild bears never daunt the brave.

This couplet sums up the fearless heroism of the great Chinese people. Such heroism prevails over all evil trends. Liao Mo-sha even planned to edit a collection of *Stories About Being Afraid of Ghosts*. Was this not open collaboration with the reactionaries, both in China and abroad, and the modern revisionists to defame the Chinese people who are not afraid of ghosts, to defame our Party and the revolutionaries who persist in following Mao Tse-tung's thought?

The day after the appearance of these two articles, "Two Foreign Fables" was published in the *Evening Chats at Yenshan* column as a further attack on so-called bragging. It claimed that "even now one can always and everywhere find such braggarts," and clamoured viciously,

"We must not let these charlatans off lightly." Do you want revolution? Do you want to keep the interests of the country and those of the world at heart? Do you want to rely on your own efforts to overcome difficulties? All this is "bragging" and "boasting." Three-Family Village will settle accounts with you. When this article was included in the collection, the author deleted the sentence, "Instead of being overcome, difficulties will daily grow in number and seriousness." See how maliciously these men ridiculed our Party's policy of self-reliance in overcoming difficulties! They even thought that the difficulties would grow in number. A little later, Wu Han in his article "Chao Kuo and Ma Su" made use of two historical tales about what he called "talking big to impress people" and "boasting" in order to satirize the present and urge us to "review now" the "lessons of failure," the "lessons of harming oneself and others and ruining the country." Obviously, Wu Han imagined that the great Chinese people had "come to grief," that the General Line had "failed," and that the Right opportunists would soon come to power. The gust of foul wind which started with Teng To's "Great Empty Talk" was closely co-ordinated with the clamour for the advent of the Right opportunists to power. As we read these words again today, at a time when a vigorous new upsurge is taking place in China's socialist construction, we can come to only one conclusion — such anti-Party and anti-socialist "heroes" are never able to see the great strength of the masses, they are blinder than the blind in their estimate of the political situation.

Comrades and friends! These slanders and attacks, with Teng To's articles at their core, were made within such a short period of time, concentrating on the same targets and using identical terms. Is it possible that they were not organized and co-ordinated in a planned way? How frenzied they are in opposing the Party and socialism! How can we fail to be aroused to great indignation! How is it possible for us not to smash them to smithereens!

A subsequent series of articles also "breaking through the door and dashing out" directed the attack even more crudely against the Central Committee of the Party headed by Comrade Mao Tse-tung.

In an exceptionally savage attack they shifted the emphasis from political to organizational problems.

In an article "Is Wisdom Reliable?" published on February 22, 1962, Teng To urged the "emperor" to "seek advice from all sides." He emphasized that "one need not plan everything oneself" and said with ulterior motives that "when a man plans everything himself, flatterers will seize the chance to say things to please him." By this he certainly did not mean that those in leading positions should listen modestly to opinions from below; what he wanted was the acceptance by the Central Committee of the Party of the revisionist line which he and his like supported. They insolently warned the Party, "One will eventually suffer heavy reverses" if "one makes all decisions oneself in the hope of achieving success with original ideas," without accepting "good advice" from "below," in other words from Three-Family Village. This was an open demand that their scheme to restore capitalism should be made the Party line and a scurrilous aspersion on the Central Committee of the Party. Their "good advice" was that we should take the revisionist road and restore capitalism, which would throw more than 90 per cent of the Chinese people back into a state of dark and cruel oppression. This "good advice" was exceedingly bad advice. Here, as on the question of fragrant flowers and poisonous weeds, the revolutionary people and the handful of anti-Party, anti-socialist elements are diametrically opposed in their views on what is good and what is bad. They do not speak a common language.

On February 25, 1962, only three days later, there appeared another article, "The Royal Way and the Tyrant's Way." Now the Marxist theory of the state teaches us that both the "royal way" and the "tyrant's way" are ways of dictatorship by the landlord class, forms of counter-revolutionary violence. However royal in appearance, all landlord rule was nevertheless essentially tyrannical. "Benevolent government," so-called, was merely a mask for sanguinary counter-revolutionary violence. As Lu Hsun sharply pointed out, "Though the Chinese royal way appears to be the opposite of the tyrant's way, in actual fact they are complementary. The tyrant's way invariably precedes and succeeds the royal way." (*Collected Works of Lu Hsun*,

Chinese edition, People's Literature Publishing House, Peking, 1963, Vol. 6, p. 10.) Teng To, however, extolled the "royal way," saying that "after all, even in ancient times the royal way was much better than the tyrant's way." Why did he eulogize the dictatorship of the landlord class in this most absurd manner? He did so with the aim of making us accept the "lesson" he had fabricated: "Thus people can see at a glance how those who wanted to be tyrants made enemies everywhere and became very unpopular." He even translated this into "our language" (the language of Three-Family Village), saying that "by the tyrant's way ... we mean the arrogant, subjectivist and arbitrary way of thinking and style of work of one bent on acting wilfully." Isn't this a tune we have heard only too often? The modern revisionists have been eulogizing U.S. imperialism, which is vainly attempting to establish world hegemony, as an angel of peace, and have been calumniating China, which is firmly opposing U.S. imperialism, as "bellicose" and "seeking hegemony." At home the reactionary classes actively advocated the liquidation of struggle in our relations with imperialism, the reactionaries of various countries and modern revisionism and the reduction of assistance and support to the revolutionary struggle of other peoples, and attacked us as being "isolated" and "making enemies everywhere." If we compare the language used, it is evident that when *Evening Chats at Yenshan* slandered those who "wanted to be tyrants," "made enemies everywhere," "became unpopular" and were "bent on acting wilfully," their target was the revolutionary line of our dictatorship of the proletariat, and they were parroting the reactionaries in China and abroad. This was certainly not merely a question of "idealizing the feudal social system," as the article in the *Peking Daily* claimed.

On March 29, 1962 there appeared the article "In Defence of Li San-tsai." The title itself was odd. Nobody in our time was attacking Li San-tsai, who lived four hundred years ago; so why this cry for the "defence of Li San-tsai"? According to the article, Li San-tsai "was a positive historical figure," a great hero who "attacked the dark politics of feudalism." But when we look up the *History of the Ming Dynasty*, we find something quite different. He was a butcher who ferociously suppressed peasant uprisings, who "used many

tactics to capture and destroy big brigands and evil men," and whose life was a record of sanguinary crimes. He was an out-and-out flunkey of the landlord class, a loyal servant of the "dark politics of feudalism," who repeatedly memorialized the emperor to wipe out those he called "trouble-makers" and "big brigands" in order to "preserve for ever" the rule of the landlord class. Now what was the real purpose of "defending" such a man?

In fact, Li San-tsai was a careerist who wanted to climb into the cabinet. Because he was at loggerheads with the ruling faction of the landlord class, he kept attacking them as a member of an "opposition party," and used the slogan of "pleading for the people" in his memorials to the emperor. In this dogfight he was "dismissed from office." Teng To praised this member of the "opposition party" who was "dismissed from office" and passed him off as a great hero because he wanted to use this dead man to defend the Right opportunists. He focussed on what happened after Li's dismissal. "Even after Li San-tsai had retired to his home, charges of 'stealing imperial timber to build a private mansion' were brought against him, etc.... Li San-tsai wrote memorials time and again ... but the court of Emperor Wan Li dared not make a thorough investigation." This statement, "dared not make a thorough investigation," was concocted to hint at something else, since the historical records make it clear that certain officials did go to investigate the matter. Teng To simply wanted to use it to laud to the skies the Right opportunists who had been "dismissed from office," to obstruct the struggle of the revolutionary people to make further investigations into their criminal activities, to have the verdict on them reversed, and to back them in their renewed attacks on the Party by writing "memorials."

"In Defence of Li San-tsai" was a sequel to *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*. Li San-tsai was just another Hai Jui, another "upright official" dismissed from office. Isn't this abundantly clear?

Instances of Three-Family Village's direct attacks on the Central Committee of the Party, on Chairman Mao and the General Line are too numerous to quote. But it is clear even from some of the evil blasts after the publication of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* how shocking the secrets of Three-Family Village are, what virulent class

hatred this handful of men have for the Party and the cause of socialism, and what lavish praise and support they have given the Right opportunists, i.e., the revisionists. They hoped that China would change its colour from red to black. Their "gangster inn" is an important den of restorers of capitalism, a nest of poisonous snakes which we must expose thoroughly and destroy completely. Our fighting task today is to step forward and destroy Three-Family Village and carry the revolution through to the end!

Doing Everything Possible to Promote "Peaceful Evolution"

In addition to writings openly opposing the Party, the people and socialism, *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from Three-Family Village* contained most poisonous weeds in the form of so-called "academic discussion," "textual research" and "relaxation." Under the cover of "learning useful knowledge, both ancient and modern," they launched all-round attacks on socialism. They did not merely "idealize the feudal social system" and "glorify dead men," but had their own practical political objectives. On the one hand, in co-ordination with the black line of shameless opposition to the Party, the people and socialism, they used the cover of "history," "knowledge" and "things of interest" to dull the revolutionary vigilance of the people, hoodwink more readers and extend their influence. On the other hand, they employed what is called "the gentle method of decapitation" to conduct all-round attacks on the proletarian line consistently upheld by the Party and Comrade Mao Tse-tung in all fields, and used the ideas of the landlord and bourgeois classes to corrode the revolutionary cadres and revolutionary people in every way in order to promote "peaceful evolution." Whoever is addicted to and obsessed by all this will degenerate and become a new bourgeois element. The dual tactics of Three-Family Village consisted of using sharp poisonous arrows and all kinds of sugar-coated bullets.

In the very first article of his *Evening Chats at Yenshan,* Teng To put up the signboard of grasping "one-third of life." He said that

"people's attention should be called to treasuring one-third of one's life (i.e., one-third of 24 hours each day) so that, after a day's labour or work, everyone can learn some useful knowledge, both ancient and modern, in a relaxed mood." Taken at face value, "one-third" referred to one's spare time. But of course what Three-Family Village wanted was not merely this "one-third," its real aim being to subvert the entire system of the dictatorship of the proletariat and bring about the restoration of capitalism. But "one-third" could very well serve as a smokescreen for seizing the remaining "two-thirds." In asking everyone to read *Evening Chats at Yenshan* "in a relaxed mood," they were trying to dull the people's revolutionary vigilance; beginning by corroding "one-third of the life" of those who were not firm in their revolutionary stand, they aimed at corroding the whole of their lives and making them serve as the organized force and social basis for the Three-Family Village clique in recruiting more and more people and promoting "peaceful evolution."

Making abundant use of the form of replies to readers, Teng To spoke at length in his articles in *Evening Chats at Yenshan* of how he received young people, of how he got "enlightenment" and "suggestions" from "fellow-townsmen," "comrades," "friends," "children," "editors," "students" and "teachers" and even from the "working staff" in various departments, and of how he answered their "questions." It can be seen from all this how extensive were the activities of Three-Family Village. The spreading of anti-socialist ideas went hand in hand with these extensive activities of theirs. They poisoned the minds of some persons and pulled people over to their side. Under the cover of imparting knowledge, they feverishly tried to lure young people into the Three-Family Village gangster inn. Suffice it to mention only two examples. In "Poor, But with Lofty Ideals," Teng To said, "The day before yesterday, a young student came to see me.... He said that he intended to write a paraphrase in the vernacular of the *Lives of Poor Scholars* by Huang Chi-shui of the Ming dynasty and asked me if I approved of the idea." The *Lives of Poor Scholars* is the biography of members of decayed landlord families; in particular, it is a eulogy of the "moral integrity" of the landlord class and therefore can have most pernicious

influence on people today. This student was seriously corrupted by bourgeois ideology, but he had not yet made up his mind whether or not to write the paraphrase. It must have seemed to Teng To that he had hit the jackpot. He not only praised the student's intention as a "very good idea" but immediately seized the opportunity for a long political lecture, linking the work of paraphrasing the *Lives of Poor Scholars* with the idea of showing "respect" for the landlord class and of learning from its "lofty moral integrity," and insinuated that the biography could be used as an "example to learn from" for certain people "when they happened to meet with unexpected difficulties in the future." Is this not clearly a case of pushing someone down a well and then dropping rocks on him? Is this not using the student to serve the "poor scholars" of today, that is, the anti-socialist elements? Another fellow, "a student writing from the Peking Broadcasting Institute" was also strongly influenced by bourgeois ideology. Obsessed by vulgar interests, this student saw nothing but the "long hair of a certain woman on a bus," and he asked Teng To to tell him "what inspiration we can get from such long hair." Teng To promptly wrote an article that is typical of the decadent class. He not only supported this student but also widely publicized various cases of "long-haired beauties" from the most licentious imperial courts in history. Is this not leading those who are already corrupted by bourgeois ideology further down the road of decadence and turning them into new bourgeois elements? All the young people who have been under the corrupting and seductive influence of Three-Family Village should step forward and indict Teng To and his gang for their criminal schemes.

When one looks from this standpoint at these writings advocating a reactionary ideology, their political aims are only too clear.

Teng To and his gang energetically pursued a reactionary bourgeois educational line, preparing their forces organizationally for the restoration of capitalism. Using the bourgeois theory of human nature as the basis of education, they preached that "one should, in the main, agree with Mencius when he said that 'all men are born good.'" They opposed the use of the class viewpoint for analysis

and for educating the younger generation in an attempt to cover up their crime of poisoning the minds of young people. They went so far as to assert that "the whole set of methods used by opera schools of the old type was in line with educational principles" and that "it should be completely adopted in every field of society." They wanted to replace the class line by the so-called principle of "employing people according to their talents" and thereby to train large numbers of successors of the landlords and bourgeoisie "in a planned way." They did their best to spread such ideas among the young people as "the method of combining teaching oneself with family tradition," "becoming a famous scholar" through "hard study," "laying a foundation" by "reading all the materials available," etc. Here the question is not merely one of seeking fame and becoming an expert in the bourgeois way; more important is the fact that they intended to corrode and drag over some people by this method, assemble a bunch of disciples of Three-Family Village, turn them into propagators of their anti-communist ideas, and transform certain young people into instruments of Three-Family Village for restoring capitalism. Using honeyed words to lure the youth to become "scholars" and "famous persons," the Three-Family Village clique harboured most vicious designs.

They persisted in a reactionary bourgeois line in academic work, preparing the intellectual ground for the restoration of capitalism. They raised the slogan of "learn more and criticize less," saying: "The attitude to take towards everything is to learn more and criticize less." They pilloried those holding the revolutionary banner high as "fault-finders," who "love to resort to censure at the slightest opportunity" and who "are bound to come to grief." What does the slogan "learn more and criticize less" mean? It means that while they should be allowed to malign Mao Tse-tung's thought, extol landlord and bourgeois culture and strive for the restoration of capitalism by their "academic work," we should not be allowed to criticize the culture of the bourgeoisie and landlord class, and the revolutionary people are to be deprived of the right to criticize them. All this amounts to saying that the culture of the exploiting classes

has to be accepted in its entirety and regarded as sacrosanct imperial edicts. The core of their reactionary academic line is attack on the proletariat, support for the bourgeoisie, the strengthening of the control exercised by their gang over academic departments and encouragement for the unrestrained growth of all poisonous weeds, including the highly poisonous ones of Three-Family Village.

The same is true of literature and art. In line with "learning more and criticizing less," they created the slogan "give equal treatment to everything." They said, "All dramatic works are equal, be the themes modern or traditional. We must give equal treatment to both." In class society, there is no such thing as supra-class equality, and equality between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie simply does not exist. The only question is who will win. Support for the revolutionary modern drama of the proletariat necessarily calls for criticism of the old drama of the landlord class and the bourgeoisie. To proclaim that "there are good plays completely suited to present-day needs" in the "dramatic heritage" inevitably brings in its wake attack on and suppression of revolutionary modern drama. Their intention in raising the slogan "give equal treatment to everything" was to kill two birds with one stone: to attack all measures of full support to revolutionary modern drama as well as to boost the numerous poisonous weeds and protect them against criticism, thus making these weeds serve their anti-Party and anti-socialist acitvities.

They persistently upheld the reactionary moral code of the landlords and the bourgeoisie in an effort to restore the rule of the exploiting classes in the field of social relations. They recommended these classes' utterly decadent philosophy of life, including "moral integrity," "loftiness and aloofness," "patience," "money-making," etc. They advocated learning "the virtue of patience" from the reactionary philosopher Chu Hsi, the "refractory spirit" of "contempt for labour" from Chang Shih, the method of "complying with the rites by setting restraints on oneself" from Confucius, etc. They even urged the restoration of the feudal form of greeting — clasping one's own hands in front. This amounts to an open appeal for us to go back to the old China of feudalism and capitalism! Comrades! Just imagine.

If all these things came to pass, wouldn't all the new communist morality and practices be trampled underfoot? Wouldn't our society be turned into a dark world with the feudal order as its standard? If we were to show respect for elements of the exploiting classes when seeing them, wouldn't it mean that the counter-revolutionaries had regained power? Wouldn't the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers be once again subjected to cruel oppression by these "gentlemen" with "moral integrity," these stubborn elements of the exploiting classes?

As dutiful sons of the landlord class, they publicly demanded that biographies of its members should be written up. Please read this passage by Teng To:

> In the past, in editing the local chronicles of various places, it used to be the practice to list the "rural gentry" and then collect data and write separate biographies of each one. If we should now compile the chronicles of Peking, we should obviously consider giving proper place to the old and young Mi's of Wanping (referring to Mi Wan-chung and Mi Han-wen, bureaucrats of the Ming and Ching dynasties respectively).

"In the past" means the era of feudalism and the period of reactionary Kuomintang rule; "it used to be the practice" means the "practice" followed by the landlords and squires, particularly the despotic landlords, and all those nauseatingly acclaimed as "rural gentry" were prominent members of this class. That "we should now" write biographies of the "rural gentry" means that the landlords and local despots, overthrown since the land reform, should be placed on top again together with their ancestral tablets and that the broad masses of the poor and lower-middle peasants should be trodden down again by the "rural gentry." This shows that their madness knows no bounds. Responding to the call of the commanding general, *Notes from Three-Family Village* brought up this question time and again, demanding that warlords, bureaucrats, landlords and other "negative figures" be honoured with biographies. This was an attempt at restoration in the most profound sense of the term. It was precisely an attempt to increase the political capital of the landlord class and the bourgeoisie and to create conditions for them to rule again over

the Chinese people. The masses of workers, peasants and soldiers will never permit the purposes of such criminal activities to be attained!

What has been given here is only a fraction of the relevant material. Even so, it can be seen that all the propaganda put forth under the guise of imparting "learning" and "knowledge" has a single focus — opposition to Mao Tse-tung's thought, the total negation of socialism, the effort to bring about the degeneration of cadres and young people, and the complete and out-and-out restoration of capitalism.

Comrade Mao Tse-tung has said, "The proletariat seeks to transform the world according to its own world outlook, so does the bourgeoisie" (*On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*). Three-Family Village relished portraying all that was decadent and reactionary, and this exposes its reactionary world outlook. Here one can see right into the rotten souls of the warriors of Three-Family Village. Wu Han has an "epigram," "Spare time is a free world where one's prime interest can roam at will." This reveals that when they donned the Communist cloak to attend meetings, do their work, give reports..., all this was a disguise which they assumed reluctantly, and not their "prime interest." It was during their "spare time" at Three-Family Village that their true countenance, their "prime interest," came out without inhibitions. Apart from conspiring against the Party and socialism, they indulged in glutony and pleasure hunting, gossiped about raising cats and dogs, lauded landlords, collected antiques, played mah-jong, and engaged in trade and in the same kind of pursuits that are common among Soviet revisionist intellectuals. They were capable of indulging in all kinds of rottenness ranging from acidly reciting the poet Tu Fu's lines, "The rich do not die of hunger, Most scholars fail in their career," to getting sweet inspiration from the "miracle of long-haired beauties." They are double-dealing hypocrites. They have put some of their ideas into words to corrupt our people and our Party.

Do you want to know the meaning of "peaceful evolution"? Then just look at the living examples of Three-Family Village. All their nasty talk, their activities and aims add up to "peaceful evolution" in the truest sense of the term. We can draw profound lessons about class struggle from these horrid teachers by negative example.

Stratagems in Retreat

In September 1962 the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party was convened. At this meeting Comrade Mao Tse-tung issued the great call to the whole Party and the people throughout the country never to forget class struggle. The meeting raised high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and sounded the clarion call for resolute struggle against the forces of capitalism and feudalism seeking restoration. It pointed out, "This class struggle inevitably finds expression within the Party." Deeply alarmed, the monsters and freaks of all descriptions trembled with fright. Seeing bad weather ahead, Three-Family Village began to beat a retreat, with its commanding general withdrawing first. Soon afterwards, in his "Announcement to Readers" in the fifth volume of *Evening Chats at Yenshan* in October 1962, Teng To said, "I am discontinuing *Evening Chats at Yenshan* because I have recently turned my attention to other things in my spare time."

The last essay in *Evening Chats at Yenshan* published on September 2, 1962 was entitled "Thirty-Six Stratagems." "Of all the thirty-six stratagems, to depart is best." This remark indicated that he was about to slink away. However, in collecting these "chats" in one volume, the author, fearing that this might leave a trace of his slinking away, placed this particular essay in the middle of the volume instead of at the end in disregard of the order of publication. This article says with a deep implication:

> "To depart is best" was not the only stratagem Tan Tao-chi then employed; without employing other stratagems he could not have succeeded in getting away, much as he wanted to. It was thanks to several co-ordinated stratagems he employed, such as those of deceptive military deployment and sowing discord among the enemy ... that he succeeded in making good his retreat.

After the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party, Three-Family Village, besides continuing its attacks, did indeed employ "several co-ordinated stratagems" with the intention of "making good its retreat" once the revolutionary people started their counter-attack. This is why they have staged numerous other fascinating performances. Let us see some of their stratagems:

1. Making the following hypocritical announcement in the fifth volume of *Evening Chats at Yenshan:*

> For some time I have been compelled to "mount horse" in writing *Evening Chats* and I now dismount in order not to feel dissatisfied with myself any more. It will not be too late to write again when there is really something to write about in future and when I feel the urge to do so.

Here Teng To was trying on the one hand to explain that he had not made deliberate attacks and that both in "mounting" and "dismounting" he was acting under compulsion and, on the other hand, to give a hint that "in future" when the situation became favourable, he would write again and start all over again.

2. Retaining their position, namely, the column of *Notes from Three-Family Village*, and continuing their attacks while writing a number of articles like the "Ode to Petroleum" as a gesture of approval for "Comrade Mao Tse-tung's policy of self-reliance" in order to cover their retreat.

3. Encouraging papers elsewhere, which, inspired by *Evening Chats at Yenshan*, had opened up "special columns for miscellaneous essays, to carry on for a long time to come" so as to retain more positions.

4. Taking down the signboard *Notes from Three-Family Village* in July 1964, lest the criticism of Liao Mo-sha's article "There Is No Harm in Ghost Plays," which was unfolded from 1963 to 1964, should expose Three-Family Village as a whole.

5. Letting Liao Mo-sha write a sham self-criticism in which he ascribed "the cause of my mistake" to "the bourgeois world outlook" which "still dominates my mind," and to his being "forgetful of the fact that classes, class contradictions and class struggle still exist in our socialist society." Please note that Wu Han repeated this almost word for word in his own "self-criticism" at a later date! Liao Mo-sha added that he had "unconsciously lent a helping hand to the bourgeois and feudal forces in their frenzied attacks on the Party and socialism." Since Liao Mo-sha was a mere "helping hand" to Meng Chao, there would, of course, be no need to make an inquiry into Three-Family Village. What a wonderful stratagem!

6. After the criticism of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* began, Teng To hastily wrote a "critical" article under the pseudonym Hsiang Yang-sheng, saying that the "guiding thought" and the "basic idea" of the play was "to propagate the moral code of the feudal ruling class" and solely "to propagate historical idealism." In doing so, on the one hand, he tried to cover up the political motive and the politically reactionary nature of the drama, thus trying to save Wu Han and to lead the discussion into a blind alley. On the other hand, he implied that such an entity as Three-Family Village did not exist and that he had "broken away from" Wu Han. Towards the end of his article, he added a line of reminder to Wu Han: "It is also my hope that Comrade Wu Han will continue to write if he has anything to say..., to make an analysis and a study of things in a truth-seeking way." Here he was instructing Wu Han on how to make his next move.

7. Wu Han responded immediately to his call and wrote more than one article to show his "gratitude" to Hsiang Yang-sheng, while continuing his furious attacks in the name of "self-criticism." Emboldened by the backing he had received, Wu Han proceeded to lavish praise on himself and, taking over for his own use the weapon employed by Liao Mo-sha in the latter's "self-criticism," he said, "Correct thinking has not established a dominant position in my mind" and, "in a word, I have forgotten the class struggle!" Hsiang Yang-sheng's "criticism," he added, "has helped me realize my mistakes." As if this would enable him to get away!

8. Finally, seeing that the situation was getting pretty hot for them, they suddenly "criticized" Teng To in the name of the editorial departments and used every stratagem for slinking off to cover their retreat.

Can all these "co-ordinated stratagems" enable them to "make good their retreat"? They have played a great many tricks and indeed have gone to extreme lengths in cheating people. But they have seriously underestimated the ability of the revolutionary people to see things in their true light and the determination of the proletariat to carry on with the revolution. Can they lock up their secrets? Can they slip away? Led and educated by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and Comrade Mao Tse-tung, the broad masses of the revolutionary people are determined to eradicate this black anti-Party and anti-socialist line. These persons think

their different stratagems very clever. Actually the things they have done are stupid and only serve to expose them. They have not only common reactionary political ideas but also a common programme of action; theirs is an anti-Party, anti-popular, anti-socialist clique of a handful of individuals. Is this not crystal clear?

In March 1962, when the frenzied attacks by Three-Family Village reached their zenith, Teng To published a poem entitled "Black Swan" in the *Peking Evening News*. One verse reads: "When the spring breeze brings dreams and the lake waters send forth their warmth, I alone have foresight!" How he exulted in his keen "foresight!" But his "foresight" has failed this time. It is the revolutionary people who have grasped Mao Tse-tung's thought that have real foresight. Look, are not the secrets of Three-Family Village being gradually exposed by the broad masses of the people?

Thoroughly Uproot Three-Family Village and Eliminate the Poison It Has Spread

One cannot help asking why is it that such wild, venomous and unscrupulous activities opposing the Party and socialism on the part of Three-Family Village could have gone on for several years? Could it be that the only reason lay in "not putting proletarian politics in command"? What was put in command if not proletarian politics?

Since the criticism of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* began, people have been exposing its reactionary nature, its political motive which was to lend support to the Right opportunists, and Wu Han's ugly history of opposition to the Communist Party, the people and the revolution. But it is only when we view *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* in the context of all the activities of Three-Family Village and ascertain the latter's role in the acute class struggles of the last few years that we are able to get down to the very roots of these big poisonous weeds, uproot them thoroughly and destroy this big inn of gangsters.

Comrade Mao Tse-tung has said, "Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall." (*The Situation and Our Policy After the Victory in the War of Resistance Against Japan*)

The fact that since the criticism of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* the Three-Family Village clique has tried to make a stand at every step and carried on the fight while beating a retreat again confirms this universal truth. In no circumstances will the reactionary classes and their representatives retire from the stage of history of their own free will. Only when the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers rise up and wage arduous struggles step by step will the proletariat be able gradually to wrest back positions from these "miscellaneous scholars."

The tentacles of the Three-Family Village clique have reached into many departments. *Evening Chats at Yenshan* has exerted a bad influence throughout the country. Under the signboard of "knowledge" and a "fine style," it attracted a number of people who lacked political discrimination. It did not lack admirers and followers in journalistic, educational, literary and art, and academic circles. Teng To himself has boasted, "The viewpoints and theses in many of the articles are approved by friends." "Letters sent to me by readers from afar have increased." "In order to satisfy readers' requests, some newspapers in other places have also adopted the same form and published special columns for miscellaneous essays which impart knowledge." A number of articles were also written to echo certain viewpoints of *Evening Chats at Yenshan*. On September 9, 1961 the *Peking Evening News* advertised the publication of these essays in boldface characters, bragging that "the author has grasped certain contemporary questions," and that they are "both rich in ideological content and useful in enriching knowledge." The paper tried by every possible means to spread the pernicious effects of these essays among the people. As a result, they did much to corrode people's minds and spread their poison far and wide. It is imperative for the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers to come forward and thoroughly expose in all their aspects the evils done by *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from Three-Family Village* and conduct still more penetrating criticism. Only in this way can their bad effects be liquidated.

The course of events from the criticism of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* to that of Three-Family Village has been one of stirring class struggle. It is a great revolution in the political, ideological and

cultural fields. Faced with so arduous and militant a task, we must dare to make revolution.

Comrade Mao Tse-tung's words encourage us: " 'He who is not afraid of death by a thousand cuts dares to unhorse the emperor' — this is the indomitable spirit needed in our struggle to build socialism and communism." (*Speech at the Chinese Communist Party's National Conference on Propaganda Work*) Today we very much need to give play to this principled and critical spirit which proceeds from the interests of the cause of communism. All those who oppose Mao Tse-tung's thought, obstruct the advance of the socialist revolution, or are hostile to the interests of the revolutionary people of China and the world should be exposed, criticized and knocked down, whether they are "masters" or "authorities," a Three-Family or a Four-Family Village, and no matter how famous they are, what influential positions they hold, by whom they are directed or supported, or how numerous their flatterers are. On questions of principle, it is either the East Wind or the West Wind which must prevail. For the sake of the socialist revolution, of the defence of Mao Tse-tung's thought and of the cause of communism, we must have the courage to think, to speak out, to break through, to act and to make revolution.

The Golden Monkey wrathfully swung his massive cudgel,
And the jade-like firmament was cleared of dust.

No matter how much poisonous fog or blinding dust has been spread by Three-Family Village, it will certainly be thoroughly cleared away by the spirited struggle of the millions of workers, peasants and soldiers who are armed with the "massive cudgel" of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought will penetrate all the dark corners and show up all the monsters and goblins in their true colours.

Sweep Away All Monsters

— Editorial of the *People's Daily* (*Renmin Ribao*) of June 1, 1966

An upsurge is occurring in the great proletarian cultural revolution in socialist China whose pupulation accounts for one-quarter of the world's total.

For the last few months, in response to the militant call of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao hundreds of millions of workers, peasants and soldiers and vast numbers of revolutionary cadres and intellectuals, all armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, have been sweeping away a horde of monsters that have entrenched themselves in ideological and cultural positions. With the tremendous and impetuous force of a raging storm, they have smashed the shackles imposed on their minds by the exploiting classes for so long in the past, routing the bourgeois "specialists," "scholars," "authorities" and "venerable masters" and sweeping every bit of their prestige into the dust.

Chairman Mao has taught us that class struggle does not cease in China after the socialist transformation of the system of ownership has in the main been completed. "The class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the class struggle between different political forces, and the class struggle in the ideological field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie will continue to be long and tortuous and at times will even become very acute. The proletariat seeks to transform the world according to its own world outlook, and so does the bourgeoisie. In this respect, the question of which will win out, socialism or capitalism, is still not really settled." The class struggle in the ideological field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie has been very acute right through the 16 years since China's liberation. The current great socialist cultural revolution is precisely a continuation and development of this struggle. The struggle is inevitable. The ideology of the proletariat and the ideology of all the exploiting classes are diametrically opposed to each other and cannot coexist in peace. The proletarian revolution is a revolution to abolish all exploiting classes and all systems of exploitation; it is a most thoroughgoing revolution to bring about the gradual elimination of the differences between workers and peasants, between town and country, and between mental and manual labourers. This cannot but meet with the most stubborn resistance from the exploiting classes.

In every revolution the basic question is that of state power. In all branches of the superstructure — ideology, religion, art, law, state power — the central issue is state power. State power means everything. Without it, all will be lost. Therefore, no matter how many problems have to be tackled after the conquest of state power, the proletariat must never forget state power, never forget its orientation and never lose sight of the central issue. Forgetting about state power means forgetting about politics, forgetting about the basic theses of Marxism and switching to economism, anarchism and utopianism and becoming muddle-headed. In the last analysis, the class struggle in the ideological field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie is a struggle for leadership. The exploiting classes have been disarmed and deprived of their authority by the people,

but their reactionary ideas remain rooted in their minds. We have overthrown their rule and confiscated their property, but this does not mean that we have rid their minds of reactionary ideas as well. During the thousands of years of their rule over the working people, the exploiting classes monopolized the culture created by the working people and in turn used it to deceive, fool and benumb the working people in order to consolidate their reactionary state power. For thousands of years, theirs was the dominant ideology which inevitably exerted widespread influence in society. Not reconciled to the overthrow of their reactionary rule, they invariably try to make use of this influence of theirs surviving from the past to shape public opinion in preparation for the political and economic restoration of capitalism. The uninterrupted struggle on the ideological and cultural front in the 16 years from liberation up to the current exposure of the black anti-Party and anti-socialist line of the "Three-Family Village," big and small, has been a struggle between the forces attempting restoration and the forces opposing restoration.

In order to seize state power, the bourgeoisie during the period of the bourgeois revolution likewise started with ideological preparations by launching the bourgeois cultural revolution. Even the bourgeois revolution, which replaced one exploiting class by another, had to undergo repeated reversals and witness many struggles—revolution, then restoration and then the overthrow of restoration. It took many European countries hundreds of years to complete their bourgeois revolutions from the start of the ideological preparations to the final conquest of state power. Since the proletarian revolution is a revolution aimed at completely ending all systems of exploitation, it is still less permissible to imagine that the exploiting classes will meekly allow the proletariat to deprive them of all their privileges without seeking to restore their rule. The surviving members of these classes who are unreconciled will inevitably, as Lenin put it, throw themselves with a tenfold furious passion into the battle for the recovery of their lost paradise. The fact that the Khrushchov revisionist clique has usurped the leadership of the Party, army and state in the Soviet Union is an extremely serious lesson for the proletariat throughout the world. At present the representatives

of the bourgeoisie, the bourgeois "scholars" and "authorities" in China are dreaming precisely of restoring capitalism. Though their political rule has been toppled, they are still desperately trying to maintain their academic "authority," remould public opinion for a come-back and win over the masses, the youth and the generations yet unborn from us.

The anti-feudal cultural revolution waged by the bourgeoisie ended as soon as it had seized power. The proletarian cultural revolution, however, is a cultural revolution against the ideology of all exploiting classes. This cultural revolution is entirely different in nature from the bourgeois cultural revolution. It is only after the creation of the political, economic and cultural prerequisites following the capture of state power by the proletariat that the broadest road is opened up for the proletarian cultural revolution.

The proletarian cultural revolution is aimed not only at demolishing all the old ideology and culture and all the old customs and habits, which, fostered by the exploiting classes, have poisoned the minds of the people for thousands of years, but also at creating and fostering among the masses an entirely new ideology and culture and entirely new customs and habits — those of the proletariat. This great task of transforming customs and habits is without any precedent in human history. As for all the heritage, customs and habits of the feudal and bourgeois classes, the proletarian world outlook must be used to subject them to thoroughgoing criticism. It takes time to clear away the evil habits of the old society from among the people. Nevertheless, our experience since liberation proves that the transformation of customs and habits can be accelerated if the masses are fully mobilized, the mass line is implemented and the transformation is made into a genuine mass movement.

As the bourgeois cultural revolution served only a small number of people, i. e., the new exploiting class, only a small number of people could participate in it. The proletarian cultural revolution, however, serves the broad masses of the working people and is in the interests of the working people who constitute the overwhelming majority of the population. It is therefore able to attract and unite the broad masses to take part in it. The bourgeois individuals who

carried out the enlightenment invariably looked down upon the masses, treated them as a mob and considered themselves as the predestined masters of the people. In sharp contrast, proletarian ideological revolutionaries serve the people heart and soul with the object of awakening them, and work for the interests of the broadest masses.

The bourgeoisie, with its base selfishness, is unable to suppress its hatred for the masses. Marx said: "The peculiar nature of the material it (political economy) deals with, summons as foes into the field of battle the most violent, mean and malignant passions of the human breast, the furies of private interest." This also holds for the bourgeoisie when it has been overthrown.

The scale and momentum of the great proletarian cultural revolution now being carried on in China have no parallel in history, and the tremendous drive and momentum and boundless wisdom of the working people manifested in the movement far exceed the imagination of the lords of the bourgeoisie. Facts have eloquently proved that Mao Tse-tung's thought becomes a moral atom bomb of colossal power once it takes hold of the masses. The current great cultural revolution is immensely advancing the socialist cause of the Chinese people and undoubtedly exerting an incalculable, far-reaching influence upon the present and future of the world.

The stormy cultural revolution now under way in our country has thrown the imperialists, the modern revisionists and the reactionaries of all countries into confusion and panic. At one moment, they indulge in wishful thinking saying that our great cultural revolution has shown that there are hopes of "a peaceful evolution" on the part of China's younger generation. A moment later, they become pessimistic, saying that all this has shown that communist rule remains very stable. Then again, they seem to be fearfully puzzled, saying that it will never be possible to find genuine "China hands" who can promptly pass accurate judgement on what is taking place in China. Dear Sirs, your wishful thinking invariably runs counter to the march of history. The triumphant progress of this great and unparalleled cultural revolution of the proletariat is already sounding the death knell not only of the remnant capitalist forces on

Chinese soil, but of imperialism, modern revisionism and all reaction. Your days are numbered.

Illuminated by the great Mao Tse-tung's thought, let us carry the proletarian cultural revolution through to the end. Its victory will certainly further strengthen the dictatorship of the proletariat in our country, guarantee the completion of the socialist revolution on all fronts and ensure our successful transition from socialism to triumphant communism!

Bumper Harvest of "Chingko" Barley (woodcut) ▶
by Chao Tsung-tsao

Chao Tsung-tsao, born in 1931 in Kiangsu Province, is now teaching at the Chekiang Institute of Fine Arts in Hangchow. This woodcut describes the bumper harvest of *chingko* barley reaped by the Tibetan peasants after their liberation from serfdom.

The Song of Ouyang Hai

The hero of this novel, Ouyang Hai, was an actual person, a squad leader in the People's Liberation Army. Born in 1940 in a poor peasant family in the mountains of Kueiyang County, Hunan Province, he joined the army in 1959. When only twenty-three, he died while saving a train from being derailed. In his lifetime, nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought he continually raised the level of his class consciousness until he became a fighter with superb communist qualities and a young man of a new type. Many writers and artists have been moved by what he had done in his life. In our first issue this year we published a reproduction of a sculpture portraying his heroism. *The Song of Ouyang Hai*, which is based on his life, has been hailed as an important event in present-day Chinese writing, and this book has been enthusiastically acclaimed by the people, who consider it a new milestone in our socialist literature. Starting with this issue we shall publish a number of extracts from this novel.

The author Chin Ching-mai was born in a poor family in Nanking in 1930; in 1949 he joined the People's Liberation Army and served as an actor in a drama troupe of the armed forces. He started writing in 1960, and this is his first novel.

CHAPTER ONE

In the Snowstorm

The Chungling River skirted Kueiyang County and hastened north through gorges and valleys to pour itself into the azure waters of the River Hsiang, leaving behind it a bleak and arid land — the Kueiyang Mountains. On the northeast side of the Chungling were undulating hills, on the southwest the mighty Nanling Range towered into the clouds. A dozen or so poor families, clustered on one of the hilltops, had for generations watered a few patches of the thin stony soil with their sweat. Here, the ground was harder and the stones more numerous than in other places, and sweat was worth even less. People contemptuously called the impoverished hamlet "Ravens Nest."

On the twenty-third day of the tenth lunar month in 1940 a sombre sky pressed down heavily. Winter had just begun, but in Ravens Nest it was already very cold. Dirty grey clouds blown in from the northwest hovered persistently over the hills, then gradually settled, enveloping the region in mist. A few ravens winged rapidly home to their nests, their lonely cries trailing behind them.

Swirling snow began to fall at lamp-lighting time. Silently it bleached the rooftops white, covered the fields and blocked the paths. Except for the howl of the north wind, in snow-mantled Ravens Nest all was still. People huddled around their small hearths and dozed. Winter was always a trial.

At the north end of the hamlet stood a shack of mud-brick and stone. A tiny pine at the front door, its trunk no thicker than a finger, was whipping about in the gale. There seemed little chance it would survive the storm.

Inside, an oil lamp flickered weakly in a niche in one of the smoke-blackened walls. Soft moans came from the bed. Ouyang Heng-wen's wife was in labour. The north wind, blasting in through cracks in the walls and openings in the thatch-covered roof, powdered the bed and the multi-patched mosquito net with a bone-chilling layer of snow. Heng-wen, a man in his forties, sat dully by the hearth. Hard work and the crushing burdens of life had bent his back, worries had etched

his face with wrinkles. He added a handful of brush to the fire, then turned and looked at his groaning wife on the bed.

"Another mouth to feed," he thought. "Three-tenths of a *mou* of wet rice paddy, a *mou* and eight-tenths of dry land. How can five people live off that? How are we going to survive next year? How can we get through this winter? The Old Lord of the Sky is heartless, sending the cold so early."

"Pa, I'm going next door to ask Granny Hsing to come over," said his daughter Yu-ying. She had been sitting opposite. Without waiting for his reply, she opened the door and left. A gust of wind blew out the small oil lamp in the wall niche, plunging the room into darkness.

Heng-wen lit a pine branch in the hearth and walked towards the lamp.

"Don't bother," his wife said. "Don't waste the oil. My time probably hasn't come yet."

"Saving one or two lampfuls won't get us through the winter." He lit the lamp and stared fretfully at the window. "Sung has been gone a long time. What's keeping him? If he can borrow a little grain, you'll at least have something to eat during your lying-in month. That boy is twenty already. Must he be so clumsy about everything?"

"It was no use sending him in the first place. Our friends and relatives are all so poor. Where is he going to borrow any grain? The worst part is that the drought has withered the sweet potatoes in the ground. We haven't harvested a thing. Now with this snow, I'm afraid even the wild herbs. . . ."

The door was pushed open and Yu-ying entered with Granny Hsing. The old woman looked at the waxen-faced woman on the bed, then scolded Heng-wen:

"Her birth pains have already started, and you still haven't boiled a basin of water. Now, I don't want any men in this room."

Heng-wen went out and stood under the eaves. He could hear his wife moaning. The snow was falling more heavily. His tunic was soon covered with it. He stood woodenly outside the door, his brain reeling.

Hurried footsteps approached. Ouyang Sung came running back, empty handed and breathing hard.

"Pa, I've been picked," the boy cried.

"Picked for what?"

"To go into the army!"

"What!" Heng-wen trembled.

"Pan the ward chief publicly drew lots in the township office at noon. First he said Liu the landlord's second son had been picked. Then Liu sent him a note and he changed his tune. He said an A-1 rating had been drawn for me. I'm among the first three names."

Heng-wen staggered as if struck. Even if the weather were good next year, he couldn't do all the farm work alone. Their whole family would perish if Sung were taken off.

"But doesn't it say . . . doesn't it say 'An only son need not serve?' Officials have to go according to the law. They can't just change it any way they like." Heng-wen couldn't speak coherently. "You're too . . . you're too simple. Didn't you at least argue with them?"

"This has nothing to do with the law. It's a trick cooked up between Pan the ward chief and Liu the landlord. Pan got a packet of money, so he's making me take the place of Liu's son."

"Don't worry, Sung. We don't have to be afraid. 'An only son need not serve' has been decided by the higher-ups. If that ward chief tries to pull anything, I'll fight him." Heng-wen gave himself courage. "I'll take it to the district, to the county government. I'm not afraid of him."

"Pa." Sung was stamping with rage. "Pan says if ma gives birth to a boy, I won't be an only son. The law says 'If two sons, one can go.' "

"Oh." The earth and sky seemed to be spinning, the snow-flakes were like tiny knives cutting into Heng-wen's heart. He shivered. The fire in him cooled rapidly. He stared up at the black sky.

"If two sons, one can go," he mumbled. "If two sons, one can go. . . ."

Suddenly, the cries of an infant, sharp and clear, rang from the room. The unexpected sound shocked father and son into silence. They stood motionless in the snow.

Yu-ying burst through the door. Happily, she shouted: "Ma's given birth, pa. It's a little brother, a little brother."

Granny Hsing poked her head out. "Congratulations. You've got another boy. 'When sons are double, life has no trouble.' Come in quick, and see."

"Thank you for your help," Heng-wen said with a bitter laugh. Swiftly turning away, he tore open his tunic and cried despondently: "Murderous Old Lord of the Sky. 'If two sons, one can go.' Ah!" He tried to walk, but his legs wouldn't respond. The ground seemed to split open before him. His eyes went dark, he couldn't see anything. The howl of the wind filled his ears. He knew it well — they were falling into a bottomless chasm.

In the dim hut, the newborn infant bawled lustily, a babe who should never have been born. For it came into the world accompanied by bitter cold, hunger and hardship. It was ten o'clock at night.

The family sat around the hearth, looking at each other. No one spoke. The infant slept peacefully in its mother's bosom.

Still the wind blew, and the snow continued to fall.

The mother on the bed sighed deeply. Her tears rained down on her infant as she thought of all that had happened and all that was likely to come. She shook her head and said helplessly: "There's nothing else we can do. We'll have to give him to whichever family is able to raise him. Do it soon, before I —"

"These are unsettled times," her husband interrupted. "The Kuomintang is running the government, the Japs are getting ready to attack again, Liu the landlord presses hard for his rent, and Pan the ward chief demands conscripts for the army. Who can afford to add another mouth to his family?"

"Then. . . ." The mother was weeping. "Leave him at the temple before it gets light. . . . Son, if you were fated to live, some kind-hearted person will take you home."

"Ma!" Yu-ying threw herself down, crying, before her mother's bed. "Don't leave him there, don't leave him. Sell me instead."

The mother stroked the girl's head. "What good would that do, child? They would still insist on the rule 'If two sons, one can go.' There's no other way. It's not that your pa and ma are hard. But

we must act as if he weren't . . . as if he weren't part of your mama's flesh and blood."

"Ma!" Sung exploded hoarsely. He wanted to say: Let them take me. I'd rather die in the garrison camp than for little brother. . . . But when he saw his mother's face, he swallowed his words.

"Sung's father, it's getting late," she urged. "You must decide."

Heng-wen sat propping up his numbed head with his two hands. He had heard everything, but how could he decide? If he left the baby at the temple, it would freeze to death before dawn. If he didn't get rid of it, Sung would be taken away. Then who would work with him in the fields? Keeping the child would mean starvation for them all.

They sat in silence. The north wind brought the crowing of roosters.

"Sung's father, it will soon be light. If you're going to take him, do it quickly."

Heng-wen didn't move. The mother held out the child. "Sung, here is your brother. Take . . . take him away."

"I won't do it." Sung, his head lowered, refused to stir.

"Give him to me." Heng-wen suddenly stood up. "We can't let the whole family starve to death on his account." He was trembling as he took the child from the mother's hands. Slowly he walked to the lamp and squinted through his tears at his newborn son. Rosy face, black hair, its eyes sweetly closed. Heng-wen groaned, gritted his teeth and started for the door.

"Pa." Sung and Yu-ying grabbed the back edge of his tunic and dropped to their knees. "Pa," they pleaded.

He ignored them. Yu-ying looked to her mother on the bed.

"Haven't you seen, ma? It's snowing outside."

The mother hurriedly turned her back and bit into her clothes, her hands pulling her hair. Muffled sobs escaped her.

Heng-wen was stricken, his legs weighed a thousand catties. How could he cross the threshold? But when he thought of the alternative, he stamped and shouted: "Let go of me," and pushed open the door.

An icy gust of snow-laden wind awoke the infant in his arms. It let out a wail.

The cry stabbed into the mother's heart like an awl.

"Sung's father," she shouted.

Heng-wen halted and stared back at his dishevelled wife.

"Wait, wait. Let me . . . let me give him some more clothes." She took off a padded jacket that was a mass of patches and wrapped her infant in it carefully.

But the baby continued to cry. She quickly opened her tunic and thrust a nipple into his little mouth. Quiet was restored to the room. The mother gazed fixedly at her son. She held him tight, as though longing to fill him in these few seconds with all the milk, all the blood and love in her body. Suddenly, she pulled back her breast and screamed insanely: "Quick, take him away. Quick." She knew that if the babe remained in her bosom much longer she would never be able to part with him.

Heng-wen walked unsteadily through the doorway with the infant in his arms. Snow buffeted his face, the wind blew off his tattered felt skull-cap, but he plodded on like an idiot. For a moment he couldn't get his bearings. He finally discovered the little pine, deeply buried in snow. Only its tip waved in the north wind.

Ahead, at a fork in the road, stood the temple, looking like a white tomb, its open doorway a dark mouth waiting to swallow father and son. Heng-wen with one hand brushed the snow off the altar table. He gently set the child upon it, then turned and ran.

The baby boy lay quietly. Perhaps he would go on sleeping peacefully, never to awaken.

A dog's mournful howls broke the silence of the snowy night, and the babe kicked and began to cry. The sound dragged Heng-wen's legs to a halt and startled him out of his nightmare-like trance.

This was his wife's seventh birth. Four of the babies had died of cold or starvation. Only Sung and Yu-ying grew up. How the parents had worried about the children who had been unable to live, how many tears they had shed. Yet now that another son had actually been born, he, the father, was abandoning him to the wind and snow.

"Has the Old Lord of the Sky decided to put an end to the Ouyang family line because of some sin I've committed in a previous life?" He gazed back at the temple. "What am I doing? Am I out of my mind — burying a live son in the snow with my own hands?" He stared at the temple, stared at the heavily falling snow. Instinctively, he rushed towards the infant....

When the mother, lying prostrate on the bed, heard Heng-wen's footsteps fading into the snowstorm, she was devastated. It was her heart, a piece of her own flesh that was being taken. Nourishing a growing babe within you for nine months wasn't easy. And now that he had come into the world, they were discarding him. The more she thought, the more she suffered, the more she regretted their decision. Her mouth was salty with inward flowing tears.

"They're killing us with their 'If two sons, one can go,' " she screamed. She rolled from the bed to the floor and crawled painfully towards the door.

A big gust of wind suddenly blew it open, and Heng-wen burst in, the infant wrapped tightly in his arms.

"Let them conscript, let them arrest us," he yelled. "If we're going to die, let's all die together. Our baby hasn't done any wrong. I can't throw him away. I can't."

The others were stupefied, speechless. Kneeling on the floor, the mother stretched forth her hands, her lips trembling.

"Give him to me, quick, quick," she finally managed to blurt. It was as if she had unexpectedly found a son. Swiftly, she opened her tunic and pressed the babe to her bosom.

Still the wind blew, and the snow continued to fall.

Several days later the snow stopped and the ward chief came to the hills. When they saw Pan, far in the distance, advancing towards their shack, the family grew very alarmed. Heng-wen hastened forward to meet him.

"Ah, Heng-wen, I hear you've got a new son. I've been so busy I haven't had time to congratulate you." The ward chief started to enter the door.

"We're a poor family, master ward chief. Another child is no blessing. Our room is small and dirty. There's not even any place to stand." Heng-wen blocked the doorway with his body.

"Never mind. We public officials don't mind about that. We have so much to do — in this time of war the Generalissimo is pushing his 'New Life Movement'* again. It's full of enlightened advances — like all pedestrians keeping to the left." He pushed Heng-wen aside with his cane. A hand grasped Pan from behind.

"You mustn't go into a lying-in chamber, ward chief. Whether in the New Life or the old, if you get tainted with the smell of blood it will ruin your luck forever." With an ingratiating laugh Granny Hsing restrained him. "Gentlemen like you have to think of their future. The Ouyang family couldn't bear to ruin your carreer. Let's talk in my place." Half pushing, half pulling, she guided the ward chief to her home.

Pan came directly to the point. "Heng-wen, your son has drawn an A-1 rating. It's too bad, but the director of the associated wards happened to be there when I was making the public drawing. So, even for an old neighbour like you, I can't do anything. I hear they'll be sending men down from the garrison in a couple of days to pick up the conscripts."

Heng-wen could only gape. He was unable to speak.

Granny Hsing handed Pan a bowl of tea. "Isn't it the law that 'an only son needn't serve,' ward chief?"

Pan smiled. "True, that's what our superiors have ruled. But Heng-wen's wife gave birth to a son a few days back. 'If two sons, one can go.' We officials can't break the law."

"A son?" Granny Hsing feigned surprise. "They're not that lucky."

"What are you saying?"

"They had a girl, a worthless baggage."

"Really?" Pan set down his bowl and rose to his feet.

*A fascist movement launched by Chiang Kai-shek in 1934, aimed at reviving feudal morality to facilitate the despotic rule of the Kuomintang, its further oppression of the people and its anti-communist activities.

"I delivered the child — I ought to know. If you don't believe me, I'll bring it over and show it to you."

"Don't you go making up stories, Granny Hsing. 'If one family breaks the law, ten families must go to jail' — don't forget that. Concealing facts from the government is a very serious offence," Pan warned.

"I wouldn't dare break the law. I'll show you the baby." Granny Hsing went into the other house. She thought: "We can't hide the child. If I have the nerve to bring him over, Pan won't necessarily examine him."

Soon, she did indeed come in with the infant. "A boy can't become a girl, and a girl can't become a boy," she said. "You're an official, master ward chief. Look, and you'll be able to report what you've seen with your own eyes." She untied the baby's wrappings.

Heng-wen wrung his hands so tensely that his knuckles cracked. Bolstering his courage, he said: "That's right, see for yourself. We wouldn't want you not to believe us."

"Aiya!" Granny Hsing exclaimed. "That little minx — she's soiled herself all over. Here you are, master ward chief."

"Could my informers have been wrong?" Pan wondered. He cast a sideways glance at the infant. All skin and bones. A feeling of revulsion gripped him. He waved his hand.

"Never mind, never mind."

"Take a look, master ward chief," the old woman urged with a laugh. "Official business, official methods."

"If it's a girl, then it's a girl. What's there to see?" Pan turned to Heng-wen. "Those with money give money, those with manpower give men," he quoted. "You needn't give a conscript, but you'll have to pay a conscription tax of ten *tan** of grain — not a kernel less. The soldiers at the front are waiting for food."

Pan departed, swinging his cane. Only when he was far away did Heng-wen heave a sigh of relief. He discovered that his hands were icy and his forehead was beaded with cold sweat. His whole bone

*A *tan* is approximately 100 catties.

framework seemed suddenly disjointed, and he sank limply to the ground.

"What are you squatting there for?"

"I... I...."

"You've got to pick a name for the child." Granny Hsing handed him the infant.

Before the baby was born a name had already been selected, with the aid of the old doctor in the herbal medicine shop. Since the name of Sung, the eldest, meant "high mountain," the next boy should be called Hai, meaning "sea," the doctor had advised. Water, irrigating the hills, would bring prosperity, and the whole family would have good luck.

"We've got a name for him," said Heng-wen. "His childhood name can be Little Third, his official name will be Ouyang Hai."

"Ouyang Hai? Everyone knows that's a boy's name. We'd better carry out this ruse to the end. Register him under a girl's name, I say."

"But... but what name shall we choose?"

"His sister is called Yu-ying, isn't she? As the next girl in line, you can call him Yu-jung."

"Ouyang Yu-jung?" Heng-wen stepped out of the door with the baby in his arms, not sure whether he felt happy or bitter. Giving a boy a girl's name — what sort of a world was this?

Ouyang Yu-jung suddenly started to cry. The winter wind blew all the frigid cruelty of the world of men into the newborn infant's heart. Cold and hunger, like invisible ropes, coiled themselves tightly around his tender young life.

He waved his tiny fists, bawling loudly. His ringing cries could be heard throughout the remote wilderness that was Ravens Nest.

*

The small pine at the door was as thick as a bowl. Ouyang Yu-jung was seven years old.

Two years before, there had been talk of "victory," but conscription was more ruthless than ever. Not a single soldier went from families of wealth and power, though there may have been eight or ten men

in a household. But from poor families lacking salt and rice, even only sons were taken. There was no longer any point in pretending to be a girl. Little Hai, his hair long and wearing his big sister's torn old tunic, stared helplessly as the ward chief tied his brother's arms and marched him off.

Sung was escorted under guard to the garrison town where half of his head was shaved, so that he could easily be spotted if he ran away. He looked neither man nor demon. Sung couldn't have escaped if he sprouted wings. But who would have dared to try, and who could have succeeded if he did?

When the ward chief came for Sung he had quit talking about "Driving out the enemy invader." He was spouting a new slogan called "Quell the red insurrection." Ouyang Hai understood none of this. All he knew was that from that year on, he and his sister went begging with his mother from door to door.

The next year his father left the hamlet to find work elsewhere, but when he returned at the end of the year, he was empty-handed. Heng-wen had borrowed grain from Liu the landlord to pay as a "conscription tax" to keep Sung out of the army. Now the original debt, plus the compound interest, amounted to a hundred and twenty *tan* of grain. Only when the ward chief and Liu the landlord discovered that Heng-wen was squeezed dry, was Sung taken away to "quell the insurrection."

Starvation and hardship clung to Hai's family like a shadow.

There came another bitter winter of sleet and snow. The roofs were white. Long icicles hung from the thatch like teeth, like knives poised to gnash the people huddled in Ravens Nest into a jelly. When the wind blew, the icicles moaned and squeaked.

Hai's family of five — after Sung was conscripted another little girl was born — sat dejectedly around the hearth.

"After a year's hard work, it seems all our sweat went into the Liu mansion...." Hai's mother said to her husband. "It's no use just sitting here, I'll take the children out and try to beg something to eat."

Heng-wen, his head down, did not reply. Yu-ying took a basket and a stick from behind the door.

"Come on, ma," she said.

Her father glared at her. "You're not to go. A big girl like you, begging. People will laugh."

"Let them. I don't care," Yu-ying countered.

"You don't care?" he flared. But he controlled his temper. To his wife he said: "She's a grown girl. If she keeps on begging, no one will want to marry her. We mustn't ruin her chances."

"Ma." Yu-ying looked at her mother with tears in her eyes. "I... I'll stay with you as long as I live."

The mother's eyes were also moist. "You'll be nineteen after the New Year, you'll be starting your twentieth year. We mustn't delay...."

Weeping, the girl hid herself behind the door. The mother sighed and patted Hai on the head.

"Let's go, little Hai."

Yu-ying gave the begging basket and the stick to her younger brother. Tears were still rolling from her eyes.

"Leave baby sister here, ma," she said. "She's only a month old and it's snowing hard outside."

The mother handed the little girl over to Yu-ying but, after thinking a moment, she again picked her up.

"I'd better take her. People are more likely to give when they see a baby." The mother left, followed by Hai.

Yu-ying called after him from the doorway: "Be sure that ma comes home early."

Where could they beg in that heavy snowstorm? People in Ravens Nest were too poor. A place where a market fair was going on would be best. There was one at Shatang, but that was more than twenty *li* away. After a few steps the mother turned and said: "Let's go to Lienchi; it's nearer."

Two dark spots moved along the hilltop on which Ravens Nest was perched. The mother, carrying the baby, walked ahead. Hai, his hair long like a girl's, wearing his big sister's torn purple tunic, trailed behind, holding the edge of his mother's garment.

They left two sets of footprints in the white snow. The mother's were deeper. Hai, who was only seven, left shallower prints, but

the outlines of his toes could clearly be seen. From Ravens Nest to Lienchi the trail they made was a full fifteen *li* long.

A swirling wind sprang up behind the mother and her two children, gradually filling in the footprints with snow.

In the town of Lienchi all doors were shut. No one was on the streets. Hai was still trudging behind his mother. Not far ahead was the mansion of Liu the landlord. It had a high wall around it and big red gates. Pictures of gentry playing chess and riding horses were pasted on the wall. "Why don't they have to go begging?" Hai wondered. A pair of snarling stone lions flanked the gates. Hai wanted to touch them every time he passed this place. Each lion had a ball in his mouth — Hai couldn't figure out how it got in there. "How wonderful it would be if I could ride on his back," he thought.

But shortly before they reached the mansion, Hai's mother turned into a narrow lane.

"Ma, why don't we keep going?" Hai wanted to see the lions.

"It's better not to pass the big house. The people in it are bad and their dog is fierce."

"But, ma —"

"Now, be a good boy." She brushed the snow from his hair. "There are places here we can beg."

Hai followed his mother along the lane. He turned his head from time to time, still hoping for a glimpse of the lions.

Of the several dozen enterprises in Lienchi, only a general store and a blacksmith shop remained open. They approached the general store and the mother held out a shivering hand.

"Go away," the manager shouted harshly. "We haven't done a penny's worth of business today."

Mother and children wandered about the streets for a long time without finding a single place where they could ask for food or money. Hai's small feet were red and swollen with cold. Mama was so weary, stars seemed to dance before her eyes. She sat down to rest under the eaves of a building.

"Come here, Little Third," she called to Hai. "Ma will warm your feet."

The boy sat down close to his mother. She placed his feet inside her bosom. They were like ice. The skin on the soles of his feet and his ankles were cracked. As she rubbed them, she thought:

"Sons of rich families, when they're this big, have already worn out six or seven pairs of padded shoes. My Little Third has gone barefoot from the day he was born."

Her whole body was tense. Stabbing pains went through her vital organs.

The baby in her bosom began to cry, perhaps from cold, perhaps from hunger. A gasp of icy air nearly strangled the infant. Her crying stopped, she frothed at the mouth. The mother pinched her upper lip and frantically called her name.

"Ah," someone sighed. From the door diagonally opposite, the blacksmith approached with a bowl of boiled water.

"You shouldn't have taken your children out begging in this weather, sister," he said. "Today isn't a market day. There's no one around to give anything."

"We can't help ourselves, master smith," said the mother, accepting the bowl.

"You only suffer, out in this cold. Come over to my place. At least you can get warm by the forge."

The three of them went with him to the blacksmith shop. When the infant finally got her breath back, she began to cry again.

"I'm always half-starved myself, sister," said the blacksmith, who had been standing on the side. "I don't know what I can do for you." He poked about by the forge and produced a sweet potato, which he handed to the mother.

She didn't have the heart to ask him for more. Thanking him, she hastily departed with the children. At the street corner, she thrust the sweet potato into Hai's hand.

"Eat this, Little Third."

"No, ma, you eat it."

"Listen to mama. Eat it while it's hot. Then, you go home first."

"You go home first, ma. I'll be back as soon as I've begged a little food."

The mother wasn't feeling very well. Her eyes kept going dark, and the baby in her bosom had already cried herself hoarse. It didn't look as though they would be able to beg anything.

"Go mostly to poor families. Stay away from the rich," she cautioned her son. "Be careful of the dogs."

"I know."

"Come home early." She draped the tattered half of a gunny sack over his shoulders. "If you can't get anything, never mind. You hear?"

"Yes, ma," Hai replied with his head down. A weight seemed to be pressing his heart. He stealthily slipped the hot sweet potato into his mother's basket.

When she had left with his little sister and was far off, Hai slowly raised his head. Tears were coursing down his cheeks. In so big a world, why was there nothing for him to eat? In so big a town, why was there no family from which he could beg? As he moved down the street, he thought: "If I can get even a bit of food, I'll bring it home for baby sister."

He walked and walked, his feet crunching in the snow, his stomach rumbling with hunger. Suddenly a snowball hit him in the back. He turned around. The two stone lions in front of the Liu mansion were glaring at him. Heads were bobbing in the opening of the big gates, which were half ajar. He heard boys' voices chattering:

"It's that fake girl."

"Right. His father even gave him a girl's name so that his brother could stay out of the army."

Remembering how his brother had been dragged away, Hai flamed with rage. He scooped up lumps of snow with both hands and heaved them at the open gateway.

The gates creaked wide and a swarm of landlord's brats came pouring out, one fatter and more warmly dressed than the next, bouncing down the steps like rubber balls.

"Beat up the beggar," they shouted, laughing. "Beat up the fake girl."

"Let's see who can hit him in the head first."

Snowballs pelted him. The unexpected insults paralyzed Hai with fury. He neither dodged nor ran away. A snowball caught him on the edge of the eye, and one of the attackers shouted with satisfaction:

"Nice shot."

"I got him first, I got him first."

Hai recognized the voice of Tenth Young Master, a son of Liu the landlord. He tossed his basket and stick aside, ran through a hail of snowballs, and felled the rich boy with a swift kick. Hai picked up some snow and rammed it in his flat face. At that moment a big brown dog bounded out of the gates.

"Get him, Lucky, get him," Flat Face cried from the ground.

Lucky charged, open-mouthed. Hai looked quickly for his stick, but the dog had already sunk its teeth into his left leg. He staggered and toppled over backwards.

Hai slowly got up from the snow. A piece of flesh had been ripped from his calf. The wound was bleeding profusely. Ignoring the pain, he tightly packed two more snowballs.

"You're the beggars. It's our grain rent that keeps you alive," he thought.

But the big gates slammed shut. From the other side Hai heard the rich brats' triumphant laughter.

They were all gone. Outside the gates only the glaring stone lions remained. Hai scowled and hurled his snowballs into their gaping jaws.

"Feeling pretty proud, are you? The day will come when I'll ride on your back. Just wait."

He limped off in the direction of Ravens Nest. Soon he was a lone figure moving along the crest of a hill. He left a trail of clearly defined footprints in the white snow. Fresh drops of blood also made their mark clearly beside the prints of his left foot. Clearly too did they etch themselves in Hai's heart.

"Did you get anything, Little Third?" his mother asked when he neared the shack.

Hai felt his nose tingle as he recalled how he had been bullied. He wanted to throw himself on his mother and cry. But at the sight

of her unhappy face, he controlled himself. He snapped the dog-beating stick in two.

"I won't wear these clothes any more, ma, and I won't go begging. I'd rather starve."

"Oh. Has anyone been picking on you, son? Come here, let me see."

"I'll cut brushwood. I'll help pa burn charcoal. I may be small, ma, but I can carry a lot, a whole lot. I'll never go begging again." He tore off his sister's tunic and ran to the pile of grain straw they used for fuel.

His mother folded the tunic and picked up the broken stick. She couldn't imagine what had happened. The careful Yu-ying noticed

the bloodstains where her brother had been standing. She hustled her mother into the house.

By the straw pile, Hai, clad in only a singlet, was cropping his long hair with a rusty scissors. "I won't beg any more," he thought, "I'll cut brush." He took up his father's chopper and started out. His sister stopped him.

Hai realized she was worried that he would do something rash. "I'm going to cut brushwood. I won't beg any more," he explained.

"Oh. Won't beg any more," Yu-ying echoed.

Then she saw his bleeding left leg, and she put her arms around him. Two crystal tears clung to her fresh young face.

Silently, the snow floated down, filling in the footprints and covering up the bloodstains. But the hatred in Hai's heart struck long and lasting roots.

*

The pine tree at the door was a ring thicker. Ouyang Hai had been cutting wood and burning charcoal for a whole year.

There had been no word from Sung in all the years since he was taken away. But the compound interest on the debt incurred to pay his draft exemption tax continued to mount. Hai's family, sweating a full twelve months, couldn't meet even the annual interest. The end of the year, when debts were traditionally paid, was fast approaching, and the landlord summoned Heng-wen to his mansion. He said that unless Heng-wen paid all the interest he would take the only bit of property the Ouyang family owned — half a *mou* of land on the sunny side of the hill.

Lucky, the brown dog, barked at Heng-wen as he heavily left the landlord's compound. He plodded unsteadily up the hill. Not even the north wind could bring him out of his daze. "I won't sell," he said to himself. "I can't." But where would he get the money to pay off his debt? He had no idea.

He came to the strip of slope land bequeathed to him by his ancestors. At the sight of it, his legs went weak and he had to sit down. He grasped two fistfuls of the good black earth. Its warm

aroma went straight to his heart. He looked at the land with tear-filled eyes.

"My forbears cleared this plot with their own hands and watered it with their sweat. It's been passed down to me through seven generations. If I sell it to Liu, I'll be betraying my ancestors before me and my descendants to follow."

He looked at the Liu mansion at the foot of the hill, and ground his teeth and cursed: "Heartless dog, may you die without progeny, may disaster strike you." He crumpled the earth in his hands and muttered: "I can't sell, I can't." But he was already vaguely conscious that he had lost.

"Finished, our family is finished. And I'm the one who's brought it to an end."

On the afternoon of the eighteenth day of the last month of the year, white smoke rose from the north side of the hill slope below Ravens Nest. Heng-wen was burning charcoal in his earthen kiln. The whole family had gone into action — chopping, carrying. Even mama went into the mountains with the baby girl upon her back. From that day on, Heng-wen stayed at the kiln, day and night. Eight-year-old Hai, toting loads of charcoal weighing thirty catties, went with his mother and sister Yu-ying to wherever there was a market fair. His clear voice could be heard all day, hawking his wares.

But the Old Lord of the Sky was unkind. The weather was warm for several days running. People had little need for charcoal. Sometimes a whole load was brought back intact at the end of the day, after a round trip of forty to fifty *li*.

Heng-wen took his money out from under the bed on the twenty-ninth and counted it again. It was far from enough to pay Liu's interest. The family stared at the neatly stacked bank-notes and sighed. No one could sleep. For the past few days they had stinted even on sweet potato gruel in order to pay that fiendish debt. Tomorrow was the deadline. What could they do to keep their land?

Hai slept curled up in the straw pile. The north wind rose in the middle of the night, swinging the old door and making it creak on its hinges. Hai got up and propped it shut with a bundle of

stalks, then again covered himself with straw. He imagined he heard Yu-ying come in and say: "I'll take you fishing. You've never eaten any fresh fish." Hai thought: "That's a good idea. Baby sister cries all the time because mama can't nurse her. Granny Hsing next door says the baby looks very bad and if we get some fish and make soup out of it for mama, that will give her milk."

He went with Yu-ying to a flooded paddy field. Heavens, what a lot of fish. They were swimming in great schools. He and Yu-ying tried to grab a couple, but the fish swam to the centre of the paddy. Hai rolled up his trouser-legs, fixed his eye on a big fish, and jumped in. Aiya! His feet were freezing. He hastily pulled back his legs. There was a crash, as the bundle of stalks against the door fell to the ground.

Hai awakened from his dream. He found that snow had blown in through a crack in the door and powdered his feet. The world outside was silver.

"It's snowing," he cried happily, leaping up. "Ma, look, it's snowing. It's snowing hard."

"I know," his mother said.

"There's a market fair at Lienchi, tomorrow. I'll take a load of charcoal. I'm sure I'll get something for it."

"Go back to sleep, Little Third."

But Hai was much too excited. He prepared his carrying pole and baskets, thinking: "Tomorrow, I'll take forty catties. I can get it to the market if I rest a few times along the way."

He looked at the sky. It was still hours before dawn. He went back to the pile and lay down, covering his feet thickly with the straw. Icy wind blasted him through holes in the wall. His teeth chattered. "Snow, snow," he prayed. "If we don't have a big snow, my pa won't be able to pay his debt. The harder it snows, the better...." He drifted off into slumber.

Hai wandered all around the Lienchi market, shouting his wares, but no one responded. It was the last day of the year, and the shops were closed. On their doors were posted auspicious slogans and pictures of mythological red-faced guards, riding unicorns and wielding precious swords. A few peeling posters flapped in the

chill wind. The brats of Liu the landlord had already started to amuse themselves by setting off fire-crackers in the courtyard of the mansion. Hai felt the load on his shoulder grow heavier. He didn't even have the energy to glance at those provocative stone lions.

At the corner food market a few old men sat by their stalls holding portable charcoal braziers. One of them hailed Hai, and the boy went rushing over.

"Buy a couple of sticky rice balls, child, and take them home for New Year's."

Hai didn't answer, and started on his way.

"Here, here, here. Nice fresh fish," another old man called.

"Fish." Hai walked over with his load and stared, fascinated, his mouth half agape. Finally, he forced himself to leave.

As he trudged down the street he remembered the blacksmith, and he hurried towards his shop. "Master smith is sure to want my load of charcoal," Hai thought. Turning the corner, he saw a crowd of people standing outside the door of the smithy. A yellow cane was waving above their heads.

"Move on, move on. What's there to see? 'A life for a murder, money for a debt' — that's the rule," the ward chief was shouting. "The smith has owed this debt to the Liu family a long time, and his grandfather's debt still hasn't been paid off. Today is the last day of the year. Squire Liu needs money to square his accounts, like everyone else. As a courtesy to you neighbours, he's only foreclosed the smith's shop. Anyone else would have had him arrested."

Hai squeezed through the crowd. A policeman was sealing the smith's door with two crossed strips of paper. In addition to the words written on them in black, were two blood-red seals. The boy couldn't imagine what had happened.

The onlookers dispersed. Hai saw a man sitting beside the doorway. His back was bent, he rested his head on his knees. He was dressed only in a tunic and a pair of thin trousers.

"Master smith," cried Hai, shocked.

The smith raised his head. "Come to warm yourself by the fire, son? You're too late. All these —" he cocked a thumb over his

shoulder "— belong to somebody else now. A fellow named Liu."

"I've brought you some charcoal, master smith," the boy explained.

The smith smiled sadly. "I haven't any money. The clothes on my back are all I've got in the world."

Hai remembered the cherry-red fire, and how the blacksmith had given them the sweet potato. On all those snowy days, this was the only place Hai had ever been able to get warm. Now he couldn't even rest here.

"I don't want money, master smith," he said. "I can always cut wood and make more charcoal with my pa."

"You've a good heart, son. But you'd better sell your charcoal and hurry home. Your pa must be waiting for you."

Hai's legs felt even heavier when he left the blacksmith. It was with great effort that he managed to get back to the food market. There he squatted down to rest, the blood-red seals on the strips of paper whirling around in his brain.

Gradually, the sky darkened. From the closed shops came shouts of merry drinkers playing finger-guessing games. It was a time of family celebrations. Hai waited longingly by the food stalls.

"Haven't you gone yet, child?" the old seller of sticky rice balls asked sympathetically. He walked over. "Go home and enjoy the New Year. Rich families bought every thing they need for the New Year holiday by the twenty-fourth. The poor have no money to buy your charcoal, anyhow."

"Try again after the fifth," another man suggested. "There's no business these next few days."

Hai thought: "It's late. Ma will be worried. I'd better go home." As he picked up his load, he pictured his father's distraught expression. Those two red seals on the paper strips danced before his eyes.

"If I don't earn a little money, how can I go back?" To the old men he said: "Please help me. Buy this load of charcoal. My pa is waiting for the money to pay a debt."

One of them gave a bitter laugh. "Would I be out here in this cold if I didn't owe money myself?"

"Please buy it," Hai begged. "You can have it cheap."

The vendor of sticky rice balls set down his wares and said: "I can't afford a fire, child, but I'm sorry for you. Leave me half your load and take some rice balls."

"No, sweets are not for us."

The fish seller also came over. "A good deed should be done thoroughly. Give me the other half and take two fish. At least that will see you through New Year's eve."

Fish. Last night he was catching fish in his dreams. He recalled the painful twitch in the corners of his mother's mouth. He remembered his baby sister's hungry wails. Hai made up his mind.

"I want only one small fish and a rice ball. But do a good turn, give me a little money. My pa...."

The old men exchanged glances and sighed. Each chipped in a bit of money and gave it to Hai. The sweets vendor pressed two balls of sticky rice into his hand.

"Go back, child. It's late."

Hai turned to go. The other old man called: "Wait, son. Take two fish."

Tears of gratitude in his eyes, the boy chose two of the smallest fish.

He said goodbye to the old men and started for home. "I'll give the fish and the rice balls all to mama. If she has milk, baby sister won't cry any more. She's a year old already, poor baby, but I've never seen her laugh."

In the distance, he saw the two stone lions glaring at him from in front of the gates of the Liu mansion. "Aiya, if I run into Liu the landlord," he exclaimed, "he'll rob me of my fish and rice balls." Hai dodged into a narrow lane, opened his belt and hid his things inside his tunic. Only then did he feel secure enough to hurry home.

It was dark by the time he reached the top of the hill. Yu-ying was waiting for him with a torch.

At home all was quiet and the lamp was not lit. Baby sister was lying on the bed, probably asleep. Pa was holding that stack of bank-notes he had counted so often, and sat staring at the hearth. Mama was weeping miserably. As Hai pushed open the door, he shouted:

"Pa, here's money for the charcoal."

His father took the money from him and counted it. He frowned and stood up.

"Is that all there is?"

Hai was startled by his father's angry expression.

"Did you buy anything to eat? Tell me."

"I...I...," Hai stammered, at a loss for words.

His father's face twitched in a frightening manner. "You know we need money to pay our debts." He stamped. "I'll kill you — you greedy brat." He shoved Hai to the floor and grabbed a stick.

The boy's mother rushed over and shielded him. "We don't have enough for the interest, anyhow," she said to Heng-wen. "Little Third hasn't eaten a full meal all year. Today's the New Year holiday. Forgive him this time."

Yu-ying also intervened. "If you must hit someone, pa, hit me," she exclaimed. "Hai's little. He doesn't understand."

"Speak. What did you do with the money? You'll see what I'll do to you if you don't tell the truth."

Tears in his eyes, Hai slowly got to his feet.

"Nobody wanted the charcoal. I knew baby sister was starving because mama had no milk, so I exchanged it for something to eat." He opened his belt and took out the two small fish and the sticky rice balls, and offered them timidly to his father.

The family was thunder-struck. Heng-wen staggered backwards, the stick dropping from his hands, the bank-notes fluttering to the ground. After several moments, he plunged forward and clasped Hai to his chest, his lips trembling so that he couldn't speak. Hai had never been greedy for food. It was only his baby sister he had been thinking of.

"You know what trouble we're in, Hai. Our half a *mou* of land on the southern slope — we're going to lose it." Heng-wen pointed at the rice balls Hai was holding. "This kind of thing is not for us."

"I know, pa." Hai felt cold drops on his forehead. His father's tears were falling.

As they gazed at the fish and the rice balls, the family thought of that half a *mou* of land. Yu-ying wept softly. Mama threw herself, sobbing, on the foot of the bed.

Heng-wen raised his head. "We can't keep the land, we can't keep it. If only Sung would come back soon. Then maybe we could get along."

Two balls of sticky rice divided into half a portion for each. That was their "family New Year's feast." The two small fish were cooked into one bowl of thin broth. Yu-ying placed it before her mother.

"Drink this, ma."

"Come here, Hai. You take a couple of sips first."

The boy didn't move.

"Come over here," the mother repeated.

"Have some while it's hot," Heng-wen said.

The mother brought the bowl to her lips several times, but each time put it down. How could she drink it? She massaged her heart and said to her daughter:

"Take the bowl. I'm all choked up in here."

"Drink it, ma," Yu-ying urged. "The baby needs the milk." She pushed the bowl back into her mother's hand and picked up her little sister from the bed.

"Yes, she should have milk," the mother thought. "Other people's babies are already walking at her age, but our Little Fourth can't even sit steadily." She forced herself to put the bowl to her lips again.

Suddenly, Yu-ying uttered a scream. "Ma, look — the baby...."

The mother dropped the bowl, startled. She hurriedly took the child from Yu-ying's hands.

There was utter confusion. Baby sister, who had lived little more than a year, was stone-cold.

Holding half a rice ball, Hai slept by the hearth, worn out by his efforts during the past few days. He dreamt that he was catching fish for baby sister, lively fish, leaping and sporting. A faint smile hovered on his slightly open mouth. He still didn't know that his poor baby sister would never need fish broth or milk again.

The room was filled with weeping for the child who had died before her time, for the half *mou* of land that had been lost, for the countless disasters the family had suffered.

The snow fell in large goose-down flakes, tumbling, spiralling, silently blanketing the hills, Ravens Nest, the thatched shack of the Ouyang family.

A watchman's rattle sounded the midnight hour. In the distance, fire-crackers could be heard, sending off the old and welcoming the new. The old year had slipped away, the new had already begun.

At the front door, the small pine was adding another growth ring.

*

The heaviest snowstorm in ten years buffeted Ravens Nest in the winter of 1949. Over a foot deep, the snow bent the pines and made the thatched roof creak beneath its weight. "Old Lord of the Sky," the peasants prayed, "let the weather clear."

Sung returned. He had run away from the army. After working for several years as a hired-hand in another part of the province, he had begged his way home. Although he was not yet thirty, his hair was flecked with grey. When he came back in the middle of the night, the family was both happy and frightened. His father kept him locked in his room all day, afraid that the ward chief would come to arrest the "deserter."

A month before, a rumour spread that Communists were entering the hills. Everywhere, the grown-ups busily conferred in low tones. When Hai tried to listen in, his father glared at him and said: "Keep away, child. What do you understand?" But the more they talked in secret, the more curious he became. What did Communists mean? Were they people, or what were they?

Cymbals clashed in the hill gap. Pan the ward chief, accompanied by six or seven soldiers, suddenly entered Ravens Nest. He imposed an "emergency curfew," saying Communists had slipped into the area and that he, the ward chief, had to make a house to house search. Two soldiers, armed with rifles, barged into Hai's home. The boy thought it strange. Could there be Communists in his house? He followed the soldiers, staring interestedly. The soldiers searched chests and cupboards. When they saw there were only old clothes, they broke two earthenware bowls out of spite and left.

In the shed where the straw was stored a savage voice cried: "Don't move. If you move, I'll shoot." Sung was hauled out from the straw pile. Soldiers tied his hands behind his back and dragged him to the hamlet's threshing ground. Hai followed. A dozen other young men were also tied there. The ward chief waved his cane. "Take them away." The bound men, all affixed to a long rope, were pulled and pushed down the hill.

Ravens Nest was like a seething cauldron. Yells, wails and lamentations rent the air, as people stumbled after their arrested dear ones.

Walking behind his father, Hai wondered: "Didn't they say they were searching for Communists? Why did they take Sung away?" The boy couldn't figure it out.

The yard of Liu's mansion in the town of Lienchi was jammed with young men — more than a hundred — rounded up in the neighbouring villages. No one untied them, and they squatted in the yard, whispering together. Liu the landlord appeared on the front steps of the building, dressed in a Kuomintang army jacket, an armed guard on either side. He cleared his throat pompously, and the young men grew quiet.

"I've invited you brothers here to give you some news." Liu swept them with his blood-shot eyes. "The last few days, everyone's been talking about the Communists. They're absolutely right." His voice rose to a higher pitch. "The Communists are heading this way."

Either for surprise or joy, the young men cried out and began talking animatedly among themselves.

Liu coughed hastily a few times to restore order. "The Communists murder and burn," he babbled. "They pool all property, and wives as well. Of course, they won't last long. The Generalissimo is returning very soon."

Finally, he came to the point. "I've been ordered to organize a self-defence corps. If you brothers will go with me into the mountains and hide out together for a couple of days, when our regular army returns I'll reward you according to your merit and see to it

that your families have years of peace and happiness. My word is my bond. You can depend on me."

"What will we eat in the meantime?" asked one of the bolder young men.

"We'll share thick and thin. I started storing provisions in the mountains quite some time ago. From today on, I guarantee the food of every one of you brothers."

"It's the middle of winter," a man said in a low voice. "We'll freeze up there."

"Don't worry. I'll issue padded clothes in a few days. And of course I'll look after your families. You can rest assured. All right, then, untie the ropes. Those who are willing to go with me, line up on the right."

The men were unbound, but they stood with lowered gaze. No one moved.

Liu wrinkled his brow. "I'm only thinking of you neighbours. After the Communists captured the county town, every seven families had to share the same kitchen knife. You won't live in peace when they get here." Still, there was no response. "Let me put it plainly. I'm wiping out the family debt, regardless of whether it's for money or grain, of every man who goes with me into the mountains. Our account is cleared from this day on."

It was as if Liu had dumped a pan of water into a cauldron of boiling oil. Excitement popped and sputtered among his listeners. But still the men remained where they were. Only one young fellow clumsily lumbered over and stood on the right, but when he saw that no one followed, he hastily returned to his place.

"Ouyang Sung," Pan the ward chief interjected from the side, "you're a deserter. How dare you not volunteer? Get over there."

Sung gave him a dirty look.

"Get over there. Your father owes Squire Liu well over a hundred *tan* of grain. How are you going to pay it back? This is the chance of a lifetime. Do you want to be shot?" Pan waved to his soldiers. "Tie him and drag him over."

"Come over yourself," Liu said to Sung. "You can consider that half *mou* of land on the sunny slope a present from me to you."

Sung squatted down abruptly, his hands embracing his knees, immobile as a rock. The ward chief made a motion with his mouth, and soldiers ran over and kicked and pummelled him to the right side of the yard.

The other young men still did not move. Liu ground his teeth. "I have only this to say: Those who want to go, I'll take with me into the mountains. Those who refuse will be executed here according to the law." He surveyed the courtyard. The families who had followed the young men were clamouring outside to see them. Liu said to his underlings: "Let the men in, boys and oldsters as well. But no women or small children."

Soldiers opened the compound gates. Peasants surged into the yard. Heng-wen just managed to ride in on the human wave, when the big gates closed behind him. Hai had been stopped outside. The boy stood in the midst of frantically weeping women, shouting with all his might:

"Pa . . . pa . . . brother. . . ."

The big red gates blocked his cries. Jaws distended, the snarling stone lions glared at him.

Hai walked round the compound walls. They were ten feet high and solid brick. He could hear occasional yells and weeping inside the compound as well. He wracked his brains for a way to get in. Finally, he discovered a small tree outside the back wall. "Let it get dark quickly," he prayed. "Then I can find out what's happening in there. Mama's waiting for news." Hai put some stones in his pocket, in case he had to cope with Lucky. He berated himself for not having brought the chopper.

When it was good and dark, he climbed the tree and dropped into the yard, then felt his way along the base of the wall. But the compound was so big, and he had never been there before. How would he find his father and brother in that inky blackness?

Footsteps sounded behind him and a flashlight beam slid close by. Hai pressed himself against the wall, not daring to breathe. Two soldiers on patrol were talking a short distance to his rear.

"Have you heard? The Communists are the same Red Army that started the uprising that year. They're marching in this direction from the county town."

"I know."

"If you're going to skip, do it now." The voice was very low.

Something stirred further off. "Who's there?" yelled the soldiers. They ran in the direction of the noise, rifles levelled. Hai took this chance to streak ahead.

Dozens of lamps and torches brightly illuminated the courtyard. Liu had packed and was ready to go. Hired-hands were moving his things out. Many of the bound men were bunched at the foot of the steps. Hai hid behind a pillar on the porch and peered.

"Sung is tied there!" He wanted to call to him but didn't dare. He wondered where his father was.

A big hand grasped the scruff of his neck. "How did you get in here?" He was lifted bodily from the ground.

"Throw him in the jail," said another voice.

Before Hai could resist, he was thrust into a dark cavern of the room. Stars flashed in front of his eyes. He couldn't see a thing.

After a moment, a low voice queried from a corner of the room: "Who's that?"

"Pa!" Hai recognized his father's voice. He crawled rapidly to the corner.

"Is that you?" Heng-wen was startled. He groped blindly in the darkness.

"It's me, pa. I've found you."

Heng-wen hugged his son to him. "Why have you come here, child?" he asked reproachfully.

"Ma's worried at home. I wanted to get some news."

"Little Third," Heng-wen shook his head. "Now we're both in the fiery pit together."

He told Hai that the Communists were advancing into the hills, that Liu was trying to get men to go with him and be bandits. It meant death whether they went or stayed.

"Who are the Communists, after all, pa?"

"They're the old Red Army. Poor men who fight the despots. They went by here, one year, with spears and rifles and big swords. They had red flags, red tassels and roan-red horses. A wonderful sight."

"Will they fight Liu the landlord?"

"They'll fight him, all right."

"Then we don't have to be afraid." Hai understood now. "Pa, I just heard that they're coming this way from the county town."

His father sighed. "I'm afraid they won't get here in time."

Hai didn't dare ask any more questions. He wished the Communists had winged feet, so that they could come quickly. Otherwise, he and the other captives might not live to see them.

The fact was that millions of heroic forces, led by the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao, were even then flying through the snowstorm towards the Kueiyang Mountains, towards Ravens Nest, towards Ouyang Hai — although on their feet were not wings but only straw sandals.

A soldier handed Liu a message. The Communists' advance guard had already passed Shatang. The news was like a stick poking up a hornets' nest. There was hectic confusion among the landlord's men.

Liu turned pale. His eyes bulged. For a moment, he couldn't speak. Then he told his soldiers to lock the captives in the servants' quarters and burn down the house.

As Liu and his cohorts were leaving the rear gate, thick smoke had begun rising in the compound.

It was at that moment that a unit of the People's Liberation Army rushed through the snowstorm up to the main gates.

"Second Platoon, save the victims and put out the fire," shouted a company commander. "First and Third Platoon, follow me." He ran after the fleeing enemy.

The sound of weeping, yelling, and rescue operations mingled chaotically.

Inside the house the peasant captives were so choked with smoke they couldn't shout. There was a hollow boom, and the smoke became flames. Heng-wen, watching the fire creep closer, could only clasp Hai to him tightly and press himself against the wall. He remembered nine years ago, when he walked towards the temple with the infant Hai in his arms. "He got through that crisis," Heng-

wen thought. "He didn't die in the snow that day. Today will he die in the flames?"

Chou Hu-shan, leader of the Second Platoon, dashed into the courtyard at the head of Squad Four. He quickly surveyed the scene, then slipped off his ammunition belt, kicked open the door of the burning house and yelled: "In here."

He plunged into the building, picked up the smoking Hai and strode out again. Chou rolled the boy on the ground and extinguished his burning clothes. Then he charged back into the blaze.

By early dawn, the fire was quelled. Hai and his father again were separated, nor could the boy find his brother Sung. He sat astride the threshold of the Liu mansion, his mind in a whirl. "Who saved me? Who put out the fire? Did Liu the landlord get away? Where is pa? Have the poor men who fight the gentry come?"

A man walked out of the compound and Hai hailed him.

"Excuse me, old neighbour, but have you seen my father?"

The man laughed. "Old neighbour, eh? Now, who might you be?"

In the dim early morning light, Hai peered at him. He was a soldier — a kind of soldier Hai had never seen before. Instinctively, Hai started to run. Then he halted and took another look. On each side of the man's collar were bright red tabs, like flags. On his cap was a red star. From the butt of the pistol at his waist hung a red silk streamer. "Red flags, red tassels, roan-red horses...." He remembered what his father had said. "Could he be a Communist?" Hai came back a few steps.

The man was smiling.

Hai screwed up his courage and asked: "Are you a Red Army man, a Communist?"

"Yes." The man walked over and took Hai's hand. "My name is Chou Hu-shan. Sent here by the Communist Party and Chairman Mao."

"Do you really have magic powers? How did you know that we were in trouble?"

"We don't have any magic powers. But Chairman Mao knew that the people in the Kueiyang Mountains were in trouble, so he told us to hurry out here."

He had actually met a Communist! Hai had so much to say, he didn't know where to start. He wanted to ask who put out the fire, who carried him from the blaze? But when he looked up at Chou, he realized he already knew the answers. Hai flung wide his arms, threw himself on Chou and hugged him. His mouth was open, but a lump in his throat prevented him from speaking. Tears were streaming down his cheeks.

Chou's two big hands pressed Hai to him. Through the boy's tattered padded tunic, he could feel him trembling. Chou quickly took off his padded army jacket and draped it around him. Its warmth quickly filled Hai's body. Chou picked him up and asked:

"What's your name, little brother?" He placed Hai on the back of one of the snarling stone lions.

The boy sat on high astride the stone lion. He almost replied: "Ouyang Yu-jung," but he caught the words at his lips. Beside him was a "Communist." Hai felt himself growing bolder. His brows danced. For the first time in the presence of others he answered ringingly:

"Ouyang Hai!"

He raised his head. The sun was rising over the eastern mountains. He looked down. He was riding on the back of the stone lion. Hai leaned forward and touched the ball in the lion's mouth. He pounded the lion, hard, on the head.

"Am I really riding on the lion's back?" He jumped down. The lion looked the same as ever — gaping jaws, bulging eyes. Hai clambered up again.

"It's true." Hai was only nine. He didn't know that a world-shaking change was taking place.

People gathered in the streets. Pa and Sung were in the crowd. Riding on the lion's back, Hai pointed at the sun and shouted:

"Pa. Brother. Look, the sky has cleared."

Rays of the winter sun shone down, spreading their light on the mountains and hills, on Ravens Nest, on Ouyang Hai.

The snow began to melt. Water dripped from the eaves and trees. Bubbling crystal water ran along the ground.

At the door of the Ouyang family shack, the pine tree, relieved of its burden of snow, straightened up and stood green in the sunlight. It was getting taller.

CHAPTER TWO

In the Sunlight

With the People's Liberation Army there to support them, the long suffering peasants held a mass meeting and exposed all the crimes of Liu the landlord. Now the large landholdings were to be divided up and distributed. The PLA, which had other tasks awaiting it, got ready to move on. By the time Hai heard the news, the PLA men already had their packs made up. He raced home and snatched a couple of garments. As he started out of the door, he ran into Chou. Hai grasped him by the arm and said:

"I'm going with you to be a soldier."

"Now tell me, why do you want to do that?"

"It's good, being a soldier. I want to go along and fight. Didn't you say that if we've got guns, we don't have to worry about any reactionaries under the sun?"

"You're still too young. Wait another couple of years, till you're big enough to carry a gun. I'll come and get you, I promise."

Chou was entirely sincere in what he said. He had grown very fond of Hai and really hated to leave him.

"You mean it?"

"Absolutely." Chou took off his leather belt and coupled it around the boy's waist. He also gave him a wooden pistol with a red silk streamer. Lastly, he extracted from his pack a prettily coloured pencil.

"You're always talking about wanting a pencil, Hai. This is for you."

The boy accepted the gift and looked longingly at Chou.

"Well, I'm on my way." Chou shouldered his pack. "Grow up quickly, Hai."

Hai gazed after the retreating figure of the platoon leader, his nose tingling. "The pine tree at the door is already so tall. When will I be big enough?"

When Chou had walked a distance down the road, he looked back. Hai was still watching him from the crossing. "Grow up quickly, Hai," he shouted with deep emotion.

The hills echoed his call, as though every height, every tree, all of Ravens Nest was crying:

"Hai, grow up quickly."

Quickly, grow quickly. The pine tree at the door shot upwards every year. Already, it was higher than the house. But Hai this year was only sixteen.

He thought of nothing but joining the army, but each year he failed. In the second year of the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea cymbals had clashed in the hamlet as several volunteers were given a rousing send-off. A few years later they clashed again, this time to welcome back the heroes who had captured American prisoners and arms. But he, Ouyang Hai, was still hanging around Ravens Nest.

Veterans' tales of the fighting transported him to the front and its thundering artillery. He waited, waited, sure that this year he would be allowed to enlist. But the leader of his agricultural brigade would not agree, and the Party secretary refused to write a letter of introduction. They were quite reasonable about it: "You're under age. How can you join the army? We're short-handed here. You know that."

"Hm," the boy thought. "When we're busy, I'm an adult. When I want to join the army, I'm just a baby. Young Tung at my age was already an orderly under Platoon Leader Chou. But me — I'm finished. They'll never let me go."

Southwest of Ravens Nest was "Four Regions Mountain." People said that from the top you could see four regions and eight counties. Sometimes, when Hai was free, he climbed to the summit. Gazing down at the rolling hills and the towns and villages in the misty distance, he said to himself: "When can I become a soldier and go to the border, to the battlefield? What's it like, all the way out there?"

Every time he stood on tiptoe, staring at the far-off mountains, his heart seemed to take wings and fly over those four regions and eight counties towards the battlefields and their booming cannon.

Some time before, Lienchi had formed an advanced agricultural producers' co-operative. Shatang did the same. When Ravens Nest and several of the neighbouring villages also decided to organize one, the county government agreed to send a work team to help them do it. Ravens Nest had been impoverished for generations. There wasn't a poor or lower-middle peasant in the hamlet who wasn't delighted at the prospect of joining a co-op and going the socialist road. People were all smiles.

Hai, too, was pleased at this advance in collectivization. What's more, he had a little scheme of his own. "When the work team comrades come, I'll put my request to join the army to them. Maybe this time I'll succeed."

The day they were due to arrive, Hai got permission to go down the road to greet them. "What are they like?" he wondered. "Will they be easy to talk to? Maybe they'll say: 'Why are you hanging around here? Why aren't you in the army?' " Nine chances out of ten the cadres from the county would support him.

A man with a small pack on his back and carrying an umbrella was coming his way. Hai was sure he was from the work team. He ran forward to welcome him. When only a few steps away, Hai stopped in amazement.

"Platoon Leader Chou!"

"Ouyang Hai, it's you!"

Hai had thought of Chou constantly during the years he had been away, always hoping he would come back soon and take him into the army. Now, at this unexpected meeting, Hai didn't know what to say. Only when he took Chou's pack from him did he recover enough to ask:

"Where are you going, platoon leader?"

"Phoenix Village."

"Phoenix Village?"

"What we used to call Ravens Nest. The county Party committee has approved the villagers' request for a change of name."

"Fine." Hai gazed at him expectantly, his eyes full of gratitude. "You — you've come to get me?"

Chou thought a moment. "Oh." He patted the boy on the head. "You still want to be a soldier. good. That's something you shouldn't forget. But right now there's other work to be done. Even a soldier like me has to change his garb when duty requires it. The county has sent us out here to help you organize your advanced co-op."

"You?"

"Don't believe it, eh?" Chou shook his umbrella. "Been a civilian for quite a while. After we liberated your place, we never left Hunan. We finished off the enemy in the western part of the province, then I was demobbed and sent to work in the county government."

Hai looked him over carefully. It was true. Chou was wearing an old army tunic paled by many washings, a pair of blue trousers rolled up to the knees, a faded army cap from which the red star had been removed. Only his feet hadn't changed. They were still shod in a pair of straw sandals.

"Platoon leader," Hai warmly pumped his hand. "I've been waiting so many years for you. You must help me get into the army. You promised."

"No question about it." Chou crinkled his eyes. "As soon as it's time, you'll see."

CHAPTER THREE

The Battle Calls

Along the Peking-Canton Railway a train flew south. It was filled with boys who had just joined the army, it was filled with laughter and song.

A young soldier sat by the window, not participating in the general merriment. He was holding a book, *The Story of Tung Tsun-jui*,* and

*This describes the life of Tung Tsun-jui (1929—1948), a hero of the People's Liberation Army. On May 26, 1948 during the War of Liberation he was assigned the task of blowing up an enemy fortification on a bridge. When he dashed under the bridge and found no place to lay his charge of dynamite, he held it up against the bridge and died a heroic death accomplishing his mission.

looking with intense concentration at the countryside. Trees and telephone poles sped backwards, villages and fields were gone in the flash of an eye. The distant mountains seemed at once to be moving with the train and slowly revolving.

They had already been on the train a whole day, crossing hills and streams. Many more lay ahead. The soldier's eyes shone as he gazed at the vast land. "Motherland," he whispered. He thought a moment, then his brows rose and he took a notebook and wrote:

> Motherland, today I have put on an army uniform and taken up a rifle.
> I shall fight for you till my last breath.
> Motherland, I shall mature in the fires of battle, I shall....

He couldn't express all that was in his heart. He had never had much formal study, only a year and a half of night school. He wished he could write a bit more about war, about fighting the enemy, becoming a hero. He leaned his head against the window and pondered.

Gradually the sky darkened. The scene outside dimmed. Only the silhouette of the distant mountains remained visible. Ouyang Hai reluctantly turned his gaze from the window. He discovered that the same comrade who had been so helpful at noon, bringing food to the new soldiers, getting them bowls and chopsticks, was again bustling about. He came up to Hai with a bucket of boiled water.

"Want a drink, Ouyang Hai?" he asked.

"How do you know my name?"

"Easy. I can figure things out."

Hai looked at his well-used uniform and laughed. "I can figure things out, too. You're a squad leader."

"I'm Chen Yung-lin. Squad Four." Chen scooped up a bowl of water and offered it to Hai.

Instead of accepting it, Hai pulled Chen down to the seat beside him. "Where are we going, squad leader?"

"South."

"I know that. I mean to what place."

"Well. . . ." Chen shook his head. "I can't tell you. When we get there, you'll know."

"Why not?"

"Military secret."

"Oh!" Hai's mouth remained open a long time. His eyes were unusually bright. Although the squad leader hadn't answered directly, to Hai the words "military secret" told the whole story. He was very excited. This wasn't like back home when you went out to cut brush and you could tell anybody where you were going. A "military secret" had to do with war. Hai's heart beat fast, the blood raced through his veins.

"Squad leader," Hai lowered his voice, as if fearful of revealing something. "Aren't we heading towards the seacoast?"

"Yes." Chen nodded.

"Then I'm not worried any more," Hai shouted happily.

Chen was mystified. "Worried? Worried about what?"

Hai didn't reply. He was recalling how, shortly before he left home, he had searched for Quemoy and Matsu on the map in Secretary Chou's office. Their advanced co-op was now a people's commune and Chou Hu-shan was its Communist Party secretary. Hai hadn't been able to locate the little island. He little dreamt that he would soon be travelling in their direction. He was sure when they got to the coast he'd be able to see them. Hai wondered what the sea was like. He couldn't wait to confront Chiang Kai-shek. "We'll finish him off." Hai could already hear the boom of artillery, he already had his hands around Chiang Kai-shek's throat. He laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Chen.

Hai still did not answer. He was laughing because of what had happened the day before. He had met a veteran soldier on the train and asked: "Are we going to the front, comrade?" The veteran had replied: "Don't let your imagination run wild," and started to walk off. After a few steps, he had turned and criticized Hai.

"No wonder," Hai thought. "He was afraid I'd spill the 'military secret.' I don't blame him. Our leaders have told us to watch what we say. If I knew where we were going, I wouldn't talk about it either. After all, a 'military secret'. . . ."

He changed the subject. "Have you been in a lot of battles, squad leader?"

"No."

"No?" Hai blinked. "This squad leader is very modest," he thought. "If I'm put in his squad I'll be lucky."

"Our company commander has, though. He made the most famous bayonet charge in the Kaiyuan campaign.* He killed five of the enemy, one after the other, till his bayonet was bent. Then he rushed an enemy emplacement carrying a Bangalore torpedo and yanked out a red-hot heavy machine-gun with his bare hands."

"Did he!"

"Not only that. He distinguished himself several times during the War to Resist U. S. Aggression and Aid Korea. No reactionaries are any match for him, Chinese or foreign. They say in a battle near the Imjin River he captured an American prisoner and was taking him back when the fellow started to run. He didn't shoot and he didn't chase him. He just let out such a yell that the American halted in his tracks, paralyzed with fear. After our commander got him back to camp, the American collapsed and couldn't get out of bed. The doctor examined him but couldn't find any sign of a wound. The other prisoners said he was suffering from 'shock.' Actually, it was what we Chinese would call 'scared stiff.' "

Chen's colourful recital caused the boys listening to roar with laughter.

Hai was entranced. "A strong general has no weak soldiers," he thought. "With a company commander like that, I'm bound to kill lots of enemy and win many decorations. Not bad at all, being in such a heroic company."

Night had fallen. Outside the window it was quite dark. It sounded as if the train was putting on speed. Hai wished it would go even faster, to bring him quickly to the front. Again he took *The Story of Tung Tsun-jui* out of his pocket. Gazing at the hero on the cover, he said feelingly: "You held up a dynamite packet for

*A battle during the liberation of the northeast. Kaiyuan is a town on the railway in Liaoning Province.

the sake of new China. I'm going to open fire on the enemy immediately for the cause of socialism."

The train rocked rhythmically. Hai, his mind filled with wishful pictures, slowly closed his eyes. In his dreams, he was on the battlefield. His dark brows lifted from time to time, and he smiled. He was in the middle of a tense encounter. The locomotive let out a long wail. Perhaps to the dreaming new soldier it was a bugle sounding the call to charge.

As the east was turning light, the train stopped at a small station in the south. Chen shook the sleeping Hai and said:

"Wake up. We're getting off here."

"We've arrived?" Hai rubbed his eyes. Shouldering his pack, he jumped down from the train. Whistles blew for the new soldiers to form ranks, but Hai seemed not to have heard. In one breath, he rushed up the nearest hill. He was very anxious to see the ocean, to see our artillery. But ahead were only higher hills. Hai could hear the locomotive puffing below.

Where was the ocean?

Where was the thunder of the big guns?

Hai stood dazed on the summit. This boy from the hills who had just become a soldier felt like a child in Ravens Nest again, confused and understanding nothing.

The next morning after breakfast, the company lined up in front of a thatched shed. A man with dark stubble on his chin and cheeks walked over from company headquarters. He was brawny and bushy-browed. Hai was positive he was the commander. You could see at a glance that he was a hero. Stubble-face halted before the company, standing so erect that he seemed nailed to the ground.

"Comrades," he raised his left hand as he spoke, his right hooked into his belt. "The company commander isn't here and I just got back this morning. Let me introduce myself. My name is Tseng Wu-chun."

One of the new soldiers laughed. The way he pronounced it, "Wu-chun" sounded like "wu chin," meaning "five catties."

"Don't laugh, comrades," Stubble-face said. "When I was little I was called 'wu chin.' My pa and ma were illiterate, they didn't know how to pick a name. They probably didn't give me any when I was born. They died when I was four, and the landlord took me as payment for a debt they owed him. A kindly neighbour spent five catties of sorghum to buy me back. That's how I got the name. Later, my foster parents died and I ran away and joined the revolutionary army. Comrades said 'Five Catties' was a silly name, I ought to change it. But our commander thought it would help me to remember my origin. Finally, our culture officer changed 'wu chin' to 'wu chun.' Though it has nearly the same sound, this 'wu' means 'military' and 'chun' means 'army.' He chose this name because he hoped I would carry a gun all my life and fight for the revolution. My guess is that among you comrades here," he pointed his finger along the ranks, "some of you had no name before liberation either, or at least no proper name. I'm sure I'm not the only one."

Hai remembered how as a child he had to pretend he was a little girl. He bit his lip and gazed with a feeling of affinity at the darkly stubbled man who recalled so much of his past.

"Well, enough of that for today. We'll be working together now, and we'll soon be better acquainted."

Tseng went on to talk of the importance of construction work and what they should pay attention to when felling trees. He especially stressed the need for the new soldiers to take safety precautions. Hai didn't listen very closely. He was staring fondly at Tseng and wondering: "If he's not the company commander, who is he?"

Squad Leader Chen, a big bundle on his shoulder, came up to Squad Four. Hai stepped forward and asked:

"Who is that black-whiskered fellow, squad leader?"

"Company political instructor."

"Oh." Hai regarded Tseng carefully once more. "That political instructor is not bad at all," he thought. "He must be a terrific fighter. Just look at that build."

"Ouyang Hai," called the squad leader, breaking into his meditations.

"Here."

"This is for you."

"What is it?"

"Your weapon." Chen handed him an axe.

Hai couldn't believe his eyes. "What kind of weapon is this?" he queried.

"Our construction detachment depends mainly on this weapon. Without it, how can we cut timber for props?"

Hai began to get the idea. No wonder the political instructor said so much about "construction," no wonder he talked about safety precautions for the new soldiers.

"Squad leader, I — I didn't join up to cut trees. Put me on one of the big guns."

"Big guns?"

"I heard them firing yesterday, during our squad meeting."

"Oh. Those were dynamite charges, blasting cliffs, young imp."

"Blasting cliffs?" Hai's heart went cold. No need to ask — Quemoy wasn't anywhere near here. Finished. He wouldn't even see Matsu. This was the end.

The detachment started up the mountain. Chen stayed in the rear, patiently explaining to Hai their duties — why they had to fell trees, why the cliffs were being blasted, what they were going to do later on.

Hai understood all right, but the corners of his mouth were turned down. "Fine," he thought. "When you come right down to it, everything's finished. Tung Tsun-jui 'after two days in the army fought a battle.' But me, after two days in the army — I cut trees. It's no better than carrying a little wooden gun around like I did when I was a kid."

He couldn't take in what the squad leader was telling him. In his brain one thought persisted: "When you come right down to it.... Ah, the trouble is I'm in the wrong part of the army."

Hai was very distressed. Had Tung Tsun-jui ever run into this kind of problem? How did he solve it? Hai reached into his knapsack for the book. He had forgotten to bring it. His hand brought out instead the letter he had written to his parents the night before.

"I am at the front," he had said. "From here you can hear the sound of cannon day and night.... I'll notify you as soon as I have been decorated." He had even mentioned the "new-type weapons" they would be issued. Unhappily, Hai ripped the letter in half, rolled it up into a ball and tossed it over his shoulder.

It landed squarely on the head of a man walking behind. The man rubbed the stubble on his face in surprise. He thought a moment. That lad ahead hadn't been listening very attentively when he was explaining about their job. No wonder he had argued with his squad leader when the axes were given out.

Without a word the political instructor picked up the letter and smilingly placed it in his kit-bag.

*

The trees garbed themselves in an enchanting green. According to the calendar it was April, but here in the south the long summer had already begun.

Every morning Hai set out with the axe on his shoulder, and late every afternoon, he carried it back. From the point of view of work, no fault could be found with him. Not only did he not do badly, he was one of the most outstanding of the new soldiers. As to his thinking, a man's ideas are in his mind. It's hard to know what's going on there.

During breaks, or when work was over, Hai invariably pulled out his copy of *The Story of Tung Tsun-jui* and sat down with it alone on a slope. He had read it countless times, but each time he read it anew it stirred him just as profoundly. When Tung Tsun-jui joined the army, Hai was happy for him. When he fought, captured a machine-gun, went out scouting, took over the command in a battle, Hai was on pins and needles. And when he blew up the blockhouse from below, Hai automatically raised his hand in imitation of Tung Tsun-jui's magnificent gesture and cried softly: "For the sake of a new China, charge!"

But on closing the book, Hai again felt depressed.

"If only I'd come into the world a bit sooner." Hai slapped the back of his neck irritably. "How lucky Tung Tsun-jui was to be born during the war years. Anybody who joined the army in those days was bound to fight in a couple of battles. But now that's all over, there's nothing I can latch on to. Oh, yes, I'm in the army, but the only 'battle' assignment I get is swinging an axe, felling trees. Of course this work is important, but in the few score years a man has to live he ought to do things that really matter. For a fellow who wants to kill the enemy, capture weapons, become a hero, there's precious little chance these days."

Towards evening, Hai climbed the slope with his book. Before he could open it, he heard the squad leader calling him. Chen shouted that there was a film show that night. He urged Hai to come down quickly.

As usual, two pictures were to be presented. The first was a documentary about how a million serfs are rising to their feet. The second, *The Battle of Sangkumryung*, dealt with fighting the U.S. imperialists in Korea. Hai's interest was aroused. He couldn't fight the imperialists and the reactionaries himself, at least he could see it in a motion picture.

The screen was a sheet between two bamboo poles. As they sat on the ground waiting for the show to begin, the soldiers sang song after song.

Finally it started. On the screen appeared white snowy mountains, turbulent streams, dark primeval forests and endless grasslands. The narrator, in a low resonant voice almost in Hai's ear, was saying:

"On the southwestern border of our motherland stands the Tibetan high plateau, known as 'the Roof of the World.' It forms a defensive screen for our great country...."

A big lama temple glittering with gold and jade was seen next, and well-fed lamas. From a dark squat stone building, ordinary Tibetan people, thin as sticks, emerged.

The narrator's voice grew somber. "They have lived here for generations, in conditions worse than animals!"

Talk and laughter among the soldiers were stilled. Some of them swore angrily.

At previous films, Hai had laughed from beginning to end. This was different. He was uncomfortable from the start. As he watched, the images on the screen became blurred. The narrator's voice became inaudible. He rubbed his eyes, but to no avail. What he was seeing was not the high plateau, not his Tibetan brothers, but his dear ones in snow-blanketed Ravens Nest. Hai saw his mother setting her jaw, her mouth twitching painfully, as she trudged the streets of Lienchi. He heard his hoarsely weeping baby sister. Tears ran down Hai's smooth taut face, past the corners of his lips, and dripped on to the sandy ground. He couldn't see a thing.

He couldn't see, and he didn't want to. In this world there were still monsters who ate human flesh and drank human blood. Those reactionaries were torturing people who were oppressed as he had been. He had gone through nine bitter winters as a child, his parents

had suffered fifty. Starvation and hardship had taken the lives of five of his sisters and brothers. That kind of existence should have long since been over and done with. Why was it there were still places where the poor were being tormented?

The voice of the narrator grew strong and excited: "People who were slaves for thousands of years have broken their shackles. A million serfs are rising to their feet."

On the screen our border troops pursued the fleeing rebels through the snow. Our soldiers crossed icy rivers, scaled precipitous heights. It seemed to Hai that a fighter in their ranks was looking right at him and shouting:

"Hurry, Ouyang Hai. What are you waiting for? Join us, quickly, good brother."

In company headquarters, two cadres were working in the lamplight. Opposite the political instructor sat a man about thirty. He was Kuan Ying-kuei, commander of Third Company. Although not as tall as Tseng, he was equally stalwart. His thick well-formed lips were clamped shut. From time to time he drove mosquitoes from his legs with slaps of a plantain fan. When he spoke, his voice was as resonant as a bronze bell.

"We've only been at it a couple of days, but all kinds of problems have cropped up. If you ask me, this construction detachment is a—"

"There you go again," Tseng interrupted. "You're a company commander, Old Kuan, but you still haven't learned to keep a guard on your tongue."

"So I'm a company commander. So what?" Kuan took off his hat and scratched his head, revealing a scar on the back of his skull.

"A company commander ought to have a little discretion and not always be shooting off his mouth. It might have a bad effect."

"Hah! To tell you the truth I ran into the regimental commander this morning and we got to talking. I said if there's any putting down of rebellious reactionaries to be done, he mustn't forget our Third Company. What's the good of carrying a gun if we never fight?"

The door was thrown open with such violence that bits of thatch rained down from the roof of the shack. Hai stepped in and stood stiffly at attention.

"Ouyang Hai, what are you doing here?" Tseng stood up. "Why aren't you at the films? They're showing *The Battle of Sangkumryung* — a war picture."

Hai didn't answer. He put his question directly to Kuan.

"When our People's Liberation Army sees the enemy murdering and burning, do we stop them or not?"

"We do." The words leaped from the company commander's lips like the burst of a hand-grenade.

"When we see the people being tortured and tormented, do we save them or not?"

"We do."

"When we see the enemy fleeing, do we pursue them or not?"

"We do."

"Good. Company commander, I want to go to Tibet." Hai plumped himself down on a stool.

"What?" Kuan rose to his feet. He didn't understand.

Hai stood up too. "The reactionaries in Tibet are killing the people. I can't bear it. I want to go to Tibet. I want to save the people, pursue the enemy."

"What about our job here? Shall we quit, wind it up? Shall all of Third Company go off together?" Kuan fired questions at him in ringing tones.

"I joined the army to fight." Hai wasn't the least abashed. "If you won't let me go now when there's fighting going on, how long will I have to wait? Get somebody else to cut trees. Or wait till I've finished off the reactionaries. I'll cut trees when I come back."

"Hey, hey." Kuan took a belligerent stance and got ready to fire off a few more blasts. But he saw the political instructor's warning glance and controlled himself. He beat his legs violently with the fan.

"Come over here and we'll talk." Tseng pulled Hai to a seat. "When you harvest rice in Hunan, some reap, some winnow, some carry back the grain. Soldiers also have a division of labour. Put-

ting down reactionaries isn't our job. Our job is construction. Before our superiors give the order, we can't march off by ourselves, can we?"

"If our company can't go, let me go alone."

Kuan put on a grim face and shouted: "Nothing doing."

"Company commander," tears rolled from the boy's eyes. "You didn't see that film. You don't know how the Tibetan people are suffering."

At the sight of Hai's agitated expression, Kuan softened. He handed him a glass of water. "You're the only one that knows, eh? You're the only one who wants to go, is that it? Let me tell you, when I heard what the Tibetan people are going through, it was like a cat clawing my heart. I want to go, too. What soldier doesn't want to fight?"

"You mean it?" Hai exclaimed happily, wiping his tears. "Let's go together, then. Take me with you and teach me how to fight. I'll kill lots of reactionaries and capture plenty of guns."

Tseng hastily intervened. "What the commander means is that a soldier should never forget the people's hardships. But whether we personally go to put down the reactionaries or not depends on the over-all situation."

"Right, right. Like now, for example," said Kuan hurriedly. "Our superiors haven't approved yet, so we'd better go on cutting trees. You hear? That includes me too. Without orders from above, no one can go." Taking his cue from Tseng, Kuan managed at last to get back on the right track.

Hai knew that further words were useless. He turned and left. At the door, he halted.

"If you don't let me go, I'll appeal higher up."

Kuan nodded approvingly at the boy's retreating back. "That lad's got a real tiger spirit. Reminds me of someone I knew when I was in the ranks. Now, who was it?"

"Who, indeed," Tseng laughed. "I'll never forget what a row you raised when you wanted to take part in the Kaiyuan campaign."

"Me? Oh, no. I was much more disciplined than he is."

"Forget it. You were exactly the same. The only difference between us then and the youngsters today is that they think more, look further ahead, and have definite ideas of their own. When a cadre said 'no' to us, we accepted it first, then thought things over. It doesn't work that way any more. For example, just now you scowled and tried to frighten the boy. But he didn't scare. Here, let me show you something." Tseng took Hai's crumpled letter from his kit-bag. "When we joined the army we thought only of getting revenge against the landlord in our own little village. But see what Ouyang Hai thinks about — socialist revolution, world revolution, learning from Tung Tsun-jui and Huang Chi-kuang,* becoming a battle hero."

The two old comrades-in-arms spread the letter on the table and, heads together, studied it.

*

Hai wrote three separate appeals. Each said the same thing: I want to fight. I want to go to Tibet.

For the past three days as soon as work ended he ran to company headquarters to inquire about the disposition of his request. The company clerk and the messengers were all a bit leary of him. They'd seen few soldiers like Hai. He had a single track mind. Both Kuan and Tseng were wondering how to go about teaching him, how to inculcate him with a sense of organization and discipline yet not dampen his revolutionary eagerness. If his ardour to kill the enemy could be channelled into construction work it would be a powerful force.

---

*Huang Chi-kuang (1930-1952), was a hero of the Chinese People's Volunteers in the War to Resist U. S. Aggression and Aid Korea. On October 20, 1952, in the famous Battle of Sangkumryung he was assigned the task of blowing up certain enemy pill-boxes. He had used up all his hand-grenades by the time all but one were demolished, and since this one continued to resist he charged forward and blocked the mouth of the enemy machine-gun with his chest, enabling his unit to advance and capture the height.

On Sunday, Hai again dashed to company headquarters. It was empty. He went to the company commander and political instructor's quarters and paused at the door. Someone was speaking inside.

"Once you make a move, you can't take it back...." Tseng was quoting an old aphorism in Chinese chess.

Hai pushed open the door a crack and looked in. Tseng and Kuan were sitting over a chessboard. Hai was annoyed. Didn't care much about him, did they? Here he was, a soldier in their company, dying to get into battle, and they calmly played chess. He was turning to leave when he heard the political instructor call from the room:

"That you, Ouyang Hai? Come in."

Hai did not reply. He remained where he was.

Tseng opened the door and pulled him into the room. "I knew you'd be looking for me. Come on, help me with this game." He pushed Hai into the chair beside him.

Hai had no interest in chess at the moment. He jumped up again like a spring.

"Relax. It's Sunday." Tseng again forced him down.

What could he do? Hai glanced at the board. The political instructor obviously had the advantage. His cannons were in front, on the left his chariot was firmly in position. He had only to eliminate Kuan's elephant, and the company commander would be checked. The only danger lay in a horse that was trying to "come back to the stable." But it wasn't much of a threat, for a big chariot was blocking its path.

"If we have to play, then play," Hai thought. "Three moves and the game will be over. Then I can ask about my request."

"I'm not very good at this," he said. "Whose move is it?"

"The company commander's," Tseng replied.

Kuan mistakenly advanced a soldier. Hai immediately prepared to move up his left chariot and "destroy the elephant and capture the general." Tseng stopped him. Instead, the political instructor pushed forward the chariot on the right that had been blocking Kuan's horse.

"That's no good," Hai protested.

"Pursue. The more chariots we send over, the stronger we'll be." Tseng insisted on bringing his right chariot forward.

"Once you make a move, you can't take it back," Kuan reminded him.

"I've never taken back a move from the time I learned how to play this game," Tseng said lightly. He thumped his chariot down on the opposite bank of "the Yellow River."

"Check!" Kuan's horse had got "home to the stable." Tseng's general was blocked. It could move neither forward nor back.

Tseng had been winning, yet he'd thrown the game away. Hai blinked.

"What kind of playing is that, political instructor?" he asked.

"Can't you see?" Tseng laughed.

"That chariot plainly should have stopped the horse from coming back to the stable. Why did you move it across the river? You had enough soldiers on the other side."

"Of course. I thought so, too. But you kept yelling 'pursue.' What else could I do?"

"Me?" Hai was even more puzzled.

"Some chariots should go after the elephant, some should keep an eye on the horse that's trying to come back. Each has its function. We shouldn't make any wild moves. It's necessary for some troops to go and put down the reactionaries, other troops are needed here for construction. We have a division of labour. No one should forget his own responsibility. Just now, because I confusedly sent my chariot across, I ended up with my general stymied."

Hai scratched his head. He didn't speak.

"You have to think of the whole board when you play chess. It's the same in war," Tseng went on. "Can we all go to Tibet and abandon things here? No, we can't. Cutting trees and building are just as important as putting down reactionaries. We shouldn't scorn this job. It's one way of preventing the enemy horse from 'coming back to the stable.' Chess has a division of labour. It's all the more important that we have one in revolutionary work. If the Party wants us to keep an eye on the enemy horse, we should stay on guard here and not move a step. If the Party wants us to pursue and destroy

the reactionaries, we should take up our guns and go. Everything should stem from the needs of the revolution. All revolutionary work is important."

"Who doesn't understand that?" Hai couldn't think of any suitable argument. "Anyhow, I still want to go to Tibet."

"That proves you don't really understand yet. If you did, you'd take a different attitude. Never mind, we won't talk about it any more today. Come on, let's go up the mountain and wander around."

"But, political instructor. My request... isn't there any answer?"

"Let's go. A little recreation will do you good. Maybe it will give you a new slant on your request." Tseng pulled Hai with him out of the door. To the company commander, he said: "I cede you the game, Old Kuan. If any company business comes up, you handle it."

The cinnabar blossoms of the kapok tree were in full bloom. They were like balls of flame on the treetops. Kapok flowers greatly enhance the beauty of south China's green waters and blue hills. Their red is a darkly solid, magnificent hue. No wonder people call them "hero blossoms."

Shoulder to shoulder, Tseng and Hai trudged up the stone-flagged path towards the top. Several times, Hai tried to talk about his "request," but Tseng always changed the subject. He would point at a tree and ask Hai whether he recognized it, or pull up a herb and query whether Hai knew its name. When the boy was unable to answer, the political instructor would tell him this was called "big leaf eucalyptus" or "broad leaf eucalyptus," that was called "small leaf eucalyptus" or "Australian eucalyptus," and its leaves and bark were used to make medicine. This was "bitter berry," and that was "Mount Huashan pine" — transplanted from the famous mountain.

Hai nodded politely. He had been felling timber since childhood, and now in the army he was doing it again. Hai felt absolutely no interest in trees.

Tseng plucked another herb from the side of the path. "Of course you know what this is."

Hai glanced at it idly. "Earth herb."

"We call it rice herb where I come from, or charity herb. When I was small everyone grabbed for it during the spring famines." Tseng broke off one of the leaves and sniffed it. "In those days, landlords put a bit in their meat dumplings to add flavour. When the rice herbs put out little white flowers, they didn't want them any more. Said they were too tough. The poor would have been only too glad to be able to eat them all year round."

Hai remembered the herb-picking days of his own childhood. He felt closer to the political instructor.

"Did you always pick wild herbs when you were at home?" he asked.

"I certainly did. Once I picked rice herbs that had already flowered from the edge of the landlord's field. He said I was stealing his sorghum stubble and beat me up. After I joined the army I told all about this at a meeting where everyone spoke of his past suffering. By coincidence, my unit happened to be sent to my village the next day, when there was a big struggle meeting on against the landlord. Old Kuan, who's our company commander today, dashed up to the platform, knocked the landlord down and pummelled him. For giving me that satisfaction, Old Kuan later was punished."

"Punished, for hitting a landlord?"

"His motive was good, but his method was wrong. A revolutionary soldier has to act in a principled way; he has to have a sense of organization and discipline. Take you, for instance. You want to revenge the Tibetan people. That's a good thought to have. But if you insist on going, regardless, then you're a bit short on organization and discipline. Right?"

"Didn't you say we weren't going to talk about that question today?" It was Hai's turn to change the subject. He pointed at a grove ahead. "Did you know which trees were Australian eucalyptus when you were a kid, political instructor?"

"No. I learned that when I was in the hospital. I lay in that hospital a full half year, Hai. I was afraid I'd never be able to get back into service, so I decided to learn some botany. I thought if I couldn't do anything else, at least I could go home and be a forester. The most painful thing for a revolutionary is to be unable to work for the

Party. Living in a hospital is no fun. I was longing to get out. There's no greater happiness for a revolutionary than to be able to do a little work for the Party. We're felling trees here not to provide timber for some landlord's clan temple, not to build a mansion for some warlord or compradore, but to construct for the cause of socialism. Think it over. What could be better? The man who patrols the forests all four seasons feels his job is important, the man who sits in a lighthouse all year feels his job is important. And it is important if you work for socialism, no matter what you do."

Hai nodded. He seemed to understand. "This political instructor is really something," he thought. "He's not only big and strong, he's sharp as a razor. No matter what he talks about, he manages to tie in with your problem. Looks like there's no hope of going to Tibet."

"It's only a hundred or so metres to the top," said Tseng, pointing to the summit. "Let's see who can get there first."

In spite of the political instructor's stalwart physique, when it came to climbing mountains, he was no match for Hai. The boy quickly left him far behind and sped to the top.

A boundless sea stretched before him, waves rolled in rows, hand in hand, to break thunderously against the rocky shore, throwing up misty clouds of white spume. Hai was dumbfounded. He never dreamed the ocean was like this. When he learned they were not at the front, he had lost interest in the sea. Now he was sorry he hadn't climbed to the mountain top sooner.

The mighty sound of the rising tide reached him from below. Wind billowed his army uniform. He opened his mouth to shout at the vast waters, but he changed his mind, and only said in a low voice: "Sea, oh sea...." It was then the thought came to him that he, Ouyang Hai, should be like the ocean, racing and roaring, never still.

Political Instructor Tseng, swinging one arm, wheezed up to the summit. He sat down on a rock to rest, large drops of sweat beading his brow.

"Are you all right?" Hai asked worriedly.

"Fine. Getting on a bit in years. Can't keep up with you young fellows. Take a good look at this scene. After a while, I'll tell you a story."

Hai stood gazing at the ocean for a long time. Then he turned and stared at the mountains. Down below, the road was a white thread, camp was just a few yellow spots, the paddy fields were films of pale green. "They transplant their rice sprouts much earlier here than in Ravens Nest," he thought. Yes, if it weren't for that, Hai could be back atop Four Regions Mountain, near Phoenix Village. Of course the view wasn't nearly so long there — you could see only four regions and eight counties. But here it was virtually unlimited. All of China seemed laid out before his eyes. He recalled the lines of a song:

Vast and beautiful is
Our beloved homeland.

Hai and the political instructor sat down side by side, facing the sea. Along with Tseng's voice, the sound of the waves came clearly to Hai's ears.

"In 1841* the British imperialists invaded our China with their advanced rifles and naval guns. A detachment from your native Hunan Province hurried to the sea coast. But the ruling Ching dynasty was corrupt and the local officials were cowards. They ran away without even trying to set up defences. The detachment reached here after travelling day and night, but it was already too late to build fortifications.

"Five British warships and two steam launches sailed arrogantly up the coast. Our detachment took cover behind some rocks on a cliff. Against the enemy's carriage-mounted naval guns, the Chinese soldiers had only home-made cannon. But although our weapons were inferior, we were fighting against invasion and oppression. Three times we drove back the British fleet. The enemy became worried. They reorganized their forces and again assaulted the coast. Their shells flew on to the cliff. Many of our soldiers were killed or wounded, but not a single man withdrew. Braving the enemy barrage, they continued to fire from the clifftop. The longer they fought,

*The year after the Opium War when the British imperialists carried out armed aggression against China.

the bolder they grew. It looked as if they were going to sink the British warship *Modeste*. . . ."

"What happened then?" Hai asked excitedly.

"The tide rose, it rose right up to the top of the cliff. Sea water was swirling about their knees. 'Shall we retreat or fight?' asked their commander. 'Fight,' the men responded in one voice.

"With the water up to their waists they fired their cannon at the enemy ships. Soon only three cannons on a height were above the surface of the water. A badly wounded gunner crawled up and set them off, one after the other. All three shots hit their mark. The *Modeste* went to the bottom. But our soldiers. . . ." Tseng paused.

"What about our soldiers?" Hai urged.

"Our soldiers, over a thousand of China's best sons, continued firing from the clifftop till the rising tide engulfed them and swept them to a watery grave."

"Was it here?"

"Yes, just ahead." Tseng pointed with his left hand at a dark cliff not far off. "That was where they fought." The incoming tide, seeming to grow ever higher with each succeeding swell, was sweeping over the top of it.

As Hai gazed intently at the place where the heroes had fought, emotions surged in his breast like the waves. The wind moaned, the waves pounded. He could see a brave band firing their cannon, he could hear their shouts. Very stirred, he stared, and thought.

"Over a hundred years ago, our ancestors fought here against the imperialists," Tseng said feelingly. "Today, we are defending this place as people's soldiers." He stood up, and his eyes burned into the distance. "Out there are American warships that keep poking into our territorial waters. I read in the papers a few days ago that we issued our forty-eighth serious warning. Forty-eight times the Yankees have provoked us. You can figure out for yourself what a heavy responsibility we, as soldiers, bear. Who says this isn't the front, Hai? Who says it isn't a battle area?"

"Political instructor," Hai exclaimed, moved beyond words.

"Before us is the ocean; behind, our native land. We're guarding our country's southern gate here, Hai. It's Peking, Tien An Men, it's Chairman Mao, we're guarding. You can't see Peking from this mountain top with your eyes, but you should be able to see it with your heart. During the fight against the American invaders in Korea, a comrade in the trenches wrote: 'We won't retreat an inch because behind us is Tien An Men.' He was looking at Peking with his heart. If you can understand this, Hai, your mind will be clear. You'll realize that this is our battlefield, this is the front where you can distinguish yourself defending socialism."

It was true, the summit beneath his feet was not any higher than the top of Four Regions Mountain at home, but Hai felt that the view was broader. The political instructor had brightened the flame in his

heart so that he could see much further ahead, think much further ahead.

"Political instructor," Hai said earnestly, "that request I made higher up — call it back for me."

"What? Don't you want to go to Tibet? Don't you want to be a hero like Tung Tsun-jui?"

"I'm not going to Tibet," Hai stated emphatically. "Maybe I can't distinguish myself in battle right away, but I can fight on the construction front, I can distinguish myself in military training and working for the people."

"Good. I've been hoping you'd say that. It's agreed, then — I'll formally request our superiors to return your request. When we were playing chess I said you'd get a new slant on it, but you didn't believe me. I said a little recreation would do you good, but you didn't want to go." Tseng clapped him lightly on the back of the head. "Well, now what do you say? Was I fooling you?"

Hai gave an embarrassed laugh.

"What's there to laugh about? You haven't fought in a battle or won any decorations so you don't write home. Is that how to behave? You ought to write. Your folks will be upset."

"I . . . I did write."

"So you did. But you didn't put it in the letter box, you heaved it up the mountain like a hand-grenade. I got a letter from your father this morning, asking me about you." Tseng took the letter out of his pocket and gave it to Hai. "Here. And you still claim you wrote."

"Did you send my pa a letter, political instructor?"

"Since you didn't write, what else could I do? I sent it off according to this address." Tseng produced Hai's crumpled missive. "You hit me on the head with this the other day. I'm supposed to be your political instructor, but I had no idea what was going on in your mind. Now, the first thing you do when you get back today is write a letter home. Your ma is worried about you."

"But I haven't won any merits," Hai said to himself. "I haven't even hit a bull's-eye. What can I say?"

Tseng seemed to know what he was thinking. "Write about your life in the army, about your progress. You won't understand right away what a soldier has to do to win merit and be considered a hero in battle. In the meantime let's have no more of this packing your kit and refusing to go to bed because you insist on leaving immediately for Tibet. A people's soldier has to have a sense of organization and discipline. He can't do whatever he pleases. Without an intelligent acceptance of discipline, no man can fight well on the battlefield. We'll talk more about this later on. Be sure to write home." He waggled Hai's letter before him. "But, please, no more boasting."

Hai hastily snatched back the letter, blushing shamefacedly. "This political instructor is really sharp," he thought. "He's taken care of everything, and I didn't know a thing. He can even tell what I'm thinking, just like Platoon Leader Chou. And I blamed him for playing chess and not caring about me. I'll be a thankless wretch if I don't go out and win a couple of merits after all he's done."

That reminded Hai of something else.

"I hear that one of our company leaders is a battle hero who's won a lot of major merits," he said. "Which one is he?"

Tseng unconsciously rubbed his right arm. "Who told you that?"

"My squad leader. He said he captured a heavy machine-gun. The enemy had been firing it till it was red hot, but he pulled it out by the barrel with his bare hands. He caught some prisoners, too. In Korea, he nearly scared a Yankee to death with one yell."

"Don't listen to that gab. There was no such thing."

"Oh, I know. It was you." Hai pointed at the political instructor's right arm.

"Me?" Tseng laughed. "Do I look like a battle hero, I ask you? During that war I was in a kitchen squad. We spent all our time in a ravine, grinding bean curd and sending bean sprouts to the comrades at the front."

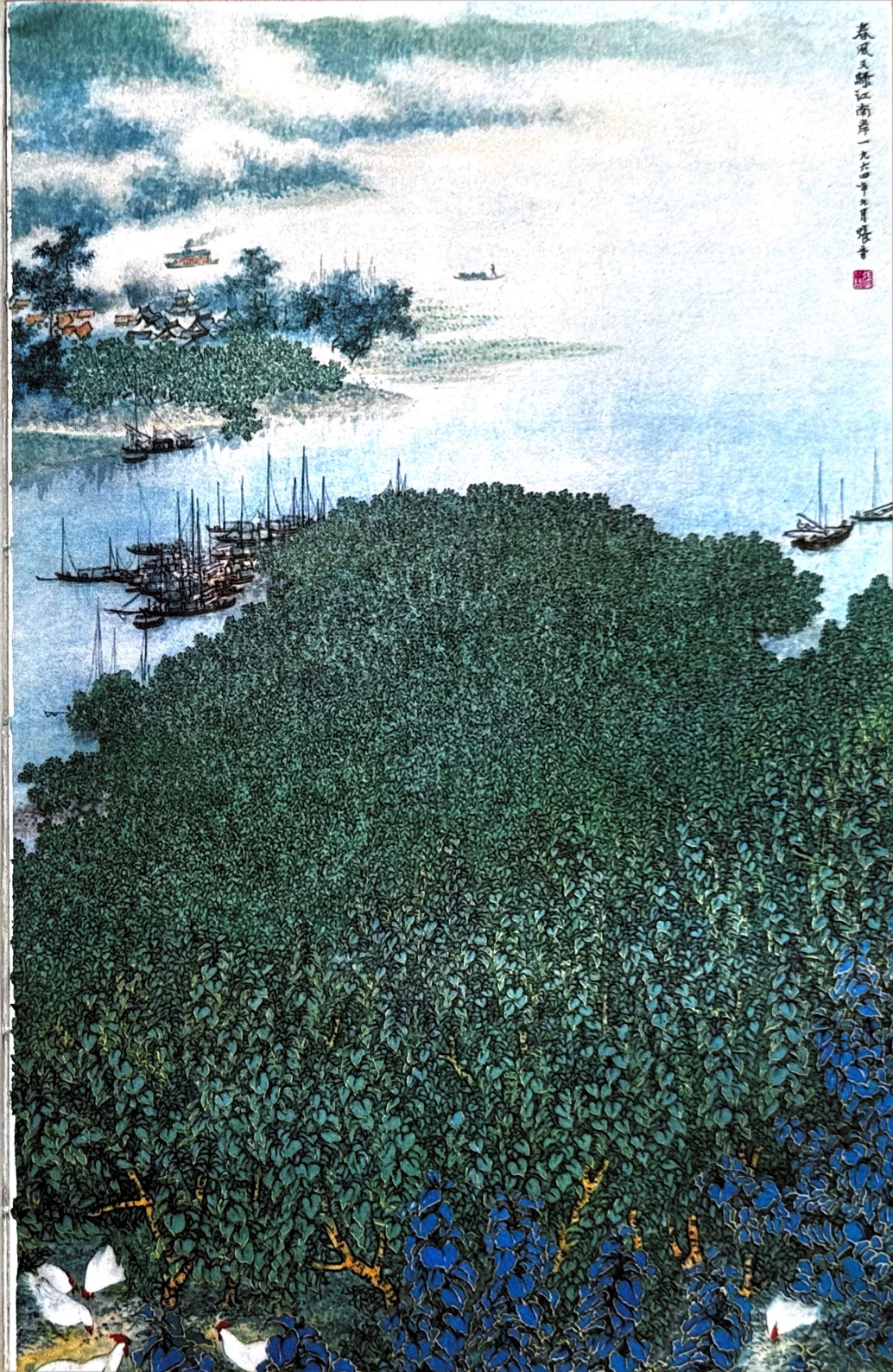
"Then who was it?" Hai wondered. "I must be like him and win merits in the service of the people. A real soldier has to be a tiger on the battlefield. When you put a uniform on, you should learn how to

fight and charge and behave like a hero. Tung Tsun-jui and Huang Chi-kuang were both people's soldiers. I've got to be like them."

The tide continued to rise in the roaring sea, Hai stood on the mountain top, facing the wind. He was planning how to win merits.

(To be continued)

Translated by Sidney Shapiro
Illustrated by Tung Chen-sheng



The River Banks Are Green Again ▶
(traditional painting) by Chang Chin

Chang Chin, born in 1907, comes from Soochow, Kiangsu Province. He has been an art teacher for many years and is now a member of the Kiangsu Studio of Traditional Painting.

To Comrade Chao Hsiao-shou, A Fighter Against Imperialism

In the morning of April 15, 1966, the Right-wing military regime of Indonesia directed and organized more than a thousand members of the Indonesian armed forces and hooligans to smash the gates of the Chinese Embassy in Djakarta with armoured cars and trucks and broke into the premises. They smashed the national emblem of the Chinese People's Republic, wrecked or burnt up the embassy buildings, looted a great deal of property, and went so far as to open fire at the embassy staff. The members of the embassy who were in the courtyard defended our national flag to uphold the dignity of our motherland and kept the hooligans at bay for quite a while. While doing so, Comrade Chao Hsiao-shou was shot in the chest and badly wounded. He was taken back to Peking for treatment on April 23. Chen Yi, our foreign minister and vice-premier of the State Council, went to the hospital on April 27 to see him and recited this poem.

In those grim days, when flouting international law and diplomatic
privilege, reactionaries attacked the Chinese Embassy, you and
other comrades put up a heroic resistance.

The dastardly reactionaries opened fire and you were the first to be hit. A bullet went through your right chest.
Still you fought on, yielding not a step until the faint-hearted reactionaries had to panic and quit.

With bare hands you withstood the armed attack of the reactionaries, and with true heroism you set a great example of self-defence.
A great example it is!

The reactionaries had only this to complain: incredible are the Chinese, they are all boxers.
We say: We are no boxers. It is from the friendship among all peoples and the great thinking of Mao Tse-tung that we draw our strength.
See how weak and coward the reactionaries are, and how strong and brave you all are. I salute you on the battle won.

The Chinese people are not to be trifled with.
The people of the world are not to be trifled with.
Taking orders from the U.S. imperialists and living on U.S. aid, the reactionaries of various countries are doomed to sad end.

Lu Hsun, the great Chinese writer, once said:
Debts of blood must be in blood repaid!
U.S. imperialists and all reactionaries, these words are to be well pondered!

The friendship between the Chinese people and those of Asia, Africa and Latin America is stronger even than the Great Wall.
If you doubt this, come for another round.
There, together, you will end up in your burying-ground.

A Home from Home

At the start of the summer holidays I received a letter from my elder sister. She had married and moved out of the hostel for single people into one for families, where she asked me to go and stay for a few days.

As a matter of fact, I was not at all keen to leave school, such a smashing holiday programme had been arranged for us boarders. We were to visit a commune and work on the land, then go camping.... It sounded too good to miss.

But my teacher said, "You'd better go and visit your sister. She'll be hurt if you don't."

After thinking it over I realized he was right. Since mum died I'd been a boarder, while sis lived in a girls' hostel where I sometimes went to see her and had a good time. Now that she was married and had moved into new quarters, I ought to visit her as my teacher

---

Han Tung-liang, a fitter of the Harbin Tools Factory No. 1, is a spare-time writer

advised. So reluctantly giving up the fine programme arranged by our school I boarded the train to Harbin, taking with me my precious easel, palette, brushes, paints and folding stool. I would finish my holiday homework while staying with sis, and then paint the beautiful Sungari River, the Flood Prevention Memorial and Sun Island.

It was pouring with rain when our train pulled into Harbin. I took the coat my teacher had given me out of my satchel and wrapped it round my palette, drawing-paper and the garlic I'd brought my sister, knowing her tastes. I tucked her letter into the bundle too, where it would be handy.

Once out of the station I sprinted along the pavement. Harbin is a splendid sight even on a wet day. The trees lining the road and the flower-beds in the middle looked fresh and lovely in the rain while the asphalt street, washed clean, sparkled like a great mirror. In it were reflected big buildings, streams of traffic, and pedestrians in gay plastic raincoats. It was grand.

The rain came pouring down. Soon I hadn't a dry stitch on me. But being wet and cold didn't worry me because I was used to it. I had once been drenched like this on the way back with my teacher from a village, where we went to hear some old peasants tell about their hard life before liberation. As soon as we got back to school, other teachers and classmates crowded round to help us dry our hair and change our clothes.... I knew that as soon as I got to my sister's place she'd find some dry, warm clothes of her husband's for me. She might even make me two big bowls of noodles, as my teacher did that time I caught cold.... In this mood of anticipation I raced through the puddles, splashing as hard as I could. I wanted to get sopping wet just to annoy sis. For she'd taken charge of me after mum died, and never allowed me out to join in water battles when it rained.

Soon I came to the street I was looking for, found the factory's married quarters and Building No. 3. I bounded up to the second floor and knocked at Flat 17. Actually the door was ajar, but I didn't barge in. I wanted to see my sister's face when she discovered me there.

I knocked for some time but no one came to the door. I pounded harder.

"Knock, knock, knock! What's the idea?" called a woman's voice. "That's a door, not a drum."

Before I had time to recover from my surprise, the door flew open.

"This door isn't locked. Why not just walk in? Why so ceremonious?"

Before I had time to get a good look at her face, she'd turned and gone back into the inner room. It wasn't my sister but a woman with a chubby child strapped on her back in a square cloth with four bands at the four corners. She didn't reappear from the inner room.

Although she had taken the wind out of my sails, I had to explain my arrival. Wiping the rain off my hair and face, I leaned against the door-frame and said sheepishly:

"I'm looking for someone, comrade. I'm from out of town. The person I'm looking for lives in Flat 17 on the second floor of Building No. 3."

"Yes, but which Building No. 3 — north, south, east or west?" She reappeared as she said this and exclaimed at the sight of me. "Gracious, you're wet as a drowned rat. You'll catch your death! Who are you looking for?"

"My sister, Li Hsiu-ling."

"You've come to the wrong place. Our name is Liu. Your sister's just married a fellow called Pai Ching-sheng, hasn't she? They don't live here...."

As soon as I realized this was the wrong flat, I was in such a hurry to leave that I didn't even wait for her to finish.

"Sorry, my mistake," I mumbled and turned to go. I noticed a puddle of water where I'd been standing, but not bothering about it I started downstairs.

"Come back! Where d'you think you're going?"

What a martinet! Suppose I *had* knocked on the wrong door? I'd apologised, hadn't I? What more did she want? Did she expect me to mop up that puddle? As I hesitated she called from inside, "Come in!"

Quite at a loss, I obeyed. Back in the flat, I had my first good look at Mrs. Liu. She was a robust woman in her late thirties with a plump, ruddy face and bobbed hair, looking clean and competent in freshly laundered clothes. The baby on her back was waving its little fists and crowing with laughter. Mrs. Liu hurried to the rolling-board on the table to dust the flour off her hands, muttering to herself, "Well I never! What treasures are those bundled up in his raincoat that he doesn't mind getting wet through to keep them dry?" She called over her shoulder to me, "Put that bundle down, lad. Are you afraid someone will run off with it?" She hurried to the chest of drawers, whisked out some neatly-folded clothes and laid them on the bed. "Take these to the other room to change. Can't have you catching cold."

I felt shy about wearing a stranger's clothes. But before I could object she waved me away. "Hurry up! I mean it." She pulled down a towel from a clothes-line above her head. "Dry your hair while you're about it."

I had to put down my bundle and take the towel. As I rubbed my head I had a quick look round. In the middle of the table stood an old-fashioned radio, and on it a plaster of Paris statue of Chairman Mao was smiling benignly at everything in the room. There were two New-Year pictures on the walls: one of Chairman Mao talking and laughing with some old workers beside a towering ship; one of Lei Feng telling some school-children a story. On the clothes-line stretched between the door and the window hung some newly-washed clothes and red wool. A little girl doing her homework at the table had stuck her tongue out at me mockingly, no doubt because of the dressing-down I'd been given.

As I was changing in the other room, I heard Mrs. Liu say to the little girl, "Do something for me, dear. Go to No. 17 on the second floor of North Building No. 3, and leave a note on the door for your Aunt Li. Ask her to come here and fetch her brother as soon as she gets off the night shift."

"It's raining outside, mum."

"What if it is? A little rain won't kill you. A wetting helps children to grow. But that's not all. Take these two packets of medicine to Hung-mei's family on the first floor. And tell Tieh-shun's grandad on the fourth floor that there's a doctor in Taowai District who can cure rheumatism; but if he wants to go it'll have to be in the morning — they don't register patients in the afternoon. Another thing, on your way upstairs sing out to warn everybody to close their windows. The wireless says there's to be a gale tonight."

"I shall never remember all that."

"Get a move on. Take the umbrella."

"I don't want it. Didn't you say a wetting helps children to grow? I want to grow. I'm off now."

After the little girl scampered off, I folded my wet things and put them on the window-sill before rejoining Mrs. Liu. But in spite of my dry clothes I still felt cold. "Never a dull moment in this

house," she told me with a smile. "Help yourself to a drink of hot water." She herself went on making dumplings.

As soon as I'd had a drink I undid my bundle and took out my drawing-paper, brushes and paints. I was glad to find them bone dry.

"Mum, dad's back!" cried the little girl, and in came a man in a raincoat carrying something square and flat about the size of my exercise book, wrapped in cloth. It was a small sheet of glass. The little girl pointed to me then and said, "Dad, this is the student."

The man nodded to me and smiled. Having taken off his raincoat and hung it up, he put down the glass and rummaged in a case.

The little girl told her mother, "I did all your errands, mum. Tieh-shun's grandad says thank you."

"I don't want any thanks. I just want him to get well quickly."

"Why are you rolling such big pieces of dough for dumplings, mum?"

"Get along, children don't understand. Go and poke up the fire so that I can make some soup." She started chopping the dough into big noodles, which I knew must be for me. I was just longing for a bowl of hot soup, but felt shy about eating their food. Before I could say anything Mr. Liu called out, "I'm hungry. Are those dumplings nearly ready?"

"That's you all over. Don't come home unless you're hungry, always up to your eyes in jobs you've no call to do." She looked round and, seeing him pottering about, exclaimed, "Drat it! Come and give me a hand. Wrap that glass up with those certificates of yours and put them at the bottom of the case. Why be in such a hurry to display them?"

"This frame will be wasted then."

"Don't worry. I've a use for it." She turned to me. "Here, lad. We'll put you to work."

I had no objection, far from it, to being ordered about in this way. "What do you want me to do?" I asked eagerly.

"You've got brushes, paper and paints, haven't you? Paint a chart of the layout of our hostels here, and write in the names of the housewives in charge of each block. We'll frame it and tomorrow, when

the weather's cleared, I'll hang it up by the gate-house. That'll make it easier for visitors from out of town to find people here."

"Now you can't say my frames are no use," her husband teased.

"Trust you always to have the last word. Go on, tell him what to draw." Mrs. Liu bustled off to the kitchen.

I took my paper and brushes to the side of the room where Mr. Liu had his things. Lying next to the frame were various certificates, some issued by the urban commune, some by the factory trade union, for good work in the literacy campaign, among family dependents and so forth.

"Hey, someone come and see to these noodles!"

"Coming!" Her husband went off.

As I drew the chart according to his instructions, I heard the Liu family joking in the next room. The sound was as heart-warming as several bowls of hot soup. I felt just as at home with this family, although I had never set eyes on them before, as with my teachers and classmates at school, or as with my own elder sister. I worked away in high spirits.

Translated by Gladys Yang
Illustrated by Lu Yen

Liu Pai-yu

A Battle Song of Communism

The appearance of *The Song of Ouyang Hai* marks a great victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought on the literary front. It shows the speed with which proletarian revolutionary literature is forging ahead, overcoming all obstacles. It is a new milestone marking the entry of our socialist literature into a new historical period.

This is an immensely moving book. And as I read page after page I was gripped by a powerful ideological force, the ideal of communism, magnificent and splendid as the morning sun. It is in the brilliant red light of this ideal that Ouyang Hai, a man of a completely new type, marches forward proudly, smiling and confident. And Ouyang Hai is not simply an individual but the epitome of our whole age, our whole revolution, marching forward with a heroism which shakes the world. In him fiery revolutionary passion, cool-headed practicality, stormy assaults, stirring ideological struggles, all these and all the sights and sounds of our age are assembled and presented to our view. What gives this novel its tremendous impact? The

main factor, to my mind, is that it has created a heroic character in genuine depth, one who fully embodies the ideals of our proletarian revolution. In other words, Ouyang Hai is a character armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, the pinnacle of present-day Marxism-Leninism.

When we evaluate any literary work to judge whether it has reached the highest level of this age, our first concern is not whether it contains unusual episodes or is couched in beautiful language but whether it has reached the highest level of the new ideology. This age of ours is the age of the proletarian revolution, our heroes are heroes of socialism and communism. The typical significance of Ouyang Hai lies in the fact that he is a new man with the most advanced revolutionary ideas of our age, radiant with the light of Mao Tse-tung's thought; thus he represents the finest essence of our age and is a contemporary hero, a model for us to learn from.

We are living today in the age when capitalism and imperialism will finally perish, when socialism and communism will finally triumph. Those standing in the forefront of this mighty, tumultuous age, propelling the wheels of history towards a bright future, must be utterly fearless new men who are armed with the greatest thinking of the age. Such characters are men of a special cut, utterly selfless and intent on helping others, unafraid of hardship or death; their whole hearts are set on the revolution, all they do is for the revolution and in whole-hearted service of the people; clear-minded and fearless, they remain firm and unbending in the face of every danger. What is the new decisive force of this age with its raging tides and rushing winds of the mighty world revolution? The most powerful fighting force is courage, fearlessness in the face of death. The most powerful weapon is Mao Tse-tung's thought. When Mao Tse-tung's thought is grasped by the broad masses, they will become a force forever invincible, smashing all rotten things in the world that lie in their way. The heroic image of Ouyang Hai represents this new, advanced, revolutionary force.

In this sense, the appearance of this novel is no accident; for it is the product of the great reality of the proletarian revolution, of the great spirit of the proletarian revolution. With ideological power

and artistic vitality of a high order, this novel has created a heroic image shining with brilliant communist ideas; and in this respect we can say that *The Song of Ouyang Hai* represents a break-through and a revolution on the literary front. The fundamental difference between this novel and previous literary works is that it gives prominence to politics, the class struggle and Mao Tse-tung's thought. Both in ideological content and artistic form it has broken through the limitations and restrictions of bourgeois writing, and has discovered and created something new. In a word, *The Song of Ouyang Hai* is a new departure, a proletarian revolutionary work of literature written according to Mao Tse-tung's thought. Only a writer armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought can depict with greater success a hero armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. So this novel is a very effective weapon that serves the present-day revolutionary struggle. Some people after reading it declare: "This is how a man should live and the road a man should take." This shows the educational effect of this novel.

Above, I have spoken about the novel's superb creation of a typical hero of the socialist period. The novel's great success is due, however, to the fact that it does not merely portray Ouyang Hai as a hero but describes how he became one. I would like to say a few words about this. The description of Ouyang Hai's death takes up a few pages only at the end of the book, most of which is devoted to describing just how he becomes a hero. This means that the author is not out to depict the circumstances of his heroic death, but rather to describe the great ideological force which makes it possible for him to die so bravely. Chairman Mao has told us that politics is the force in command, the soul, the life-line. It is because the author has given priority to his descriptions of political thinking that he has succeeded in writing a novel which does not depend on cheap thrills but which has explored in depth the mighty ideological force of our age. Because of this, every chapter in the book enables us to feel the pulse of the working class, the pulse of our age, and its mighty ideology.

Ouyang Hai in his young days is a very fine boy and he goes on to become an outstanding soldier; but measured by the yardstick of socialism and communism he still needs to make more progress, to

go through a series of contradictions and struggles. This child born in dire suffering in the poor mountain village called Ravens Nest knows wind and snow, cold and hunger; he walks barefoot through snowstorms, leaving deep imprints at each step, until he has scaled the peaks of communist ideology. What a splendid trail this is! If we regard the first chapter "In the Snowstorm" as the prelude to a poem, the last episode "The Maples Are Red on the Mountains" is the final eulogy. In between, the author correctly devotes his main energy to depicting the ideological growth of Ouyang Hai in sharp, complex contradictions and clashes as he attains to greater and yet greater heights.

The important point is that this novel was able to depict a hero of the age of Mao Tse-tung owing to its successful description of the way in which Mao Tse-tung's thought moulds new men, and the incomparable strength shown by the new men armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In the first half of the book the author not only describes Ouyang Hai's strong class hatred and stubborn fighting spirit but boldly reveals his shortcomings — his eagerness to excel, his ambition to become a hero and his love to impress people with fine deeds. This makes it clear that although Ouyang Hai is in a position to break through and leap forward to become a true hero of the proletariat, he also has restrictions which he must break through and from which he must leap forward. Accordingly, in the second half of the book the author goes deeper into the fact that while Ouyang Hai takes part in the social struggle to foster proletarian ideology and liquidate bourgeois ideology, the more important thing for him is his own mental struggle in this respect; for this is the only way for him to advance. This is to say, although Ouyang Hai comes from a poor-peasant family and wants with all his heart to advance boldly on the revolutionary road, "In each thing there is contradiction between its new and its old aspects, and this gives rise to a series of struggles with many twists and turns." (Mao Tse-tung: *On Contradiction*) By grasping these inner contradictions, the author has grasped the motive force of Ouyang Hai's development and progress, revealing his spirit, his inner world and the depths of his soul.

This novel owes its tremendous ideological impact to the tremendous ideological struggles waged by Ouyang Hai during his self-remoulding. He develops and grows to maturity under the following conditions: In 1960 the Military Commission's enlarged conference passes a resolution to further strengthen political and ideological work in the army; and after this the army raises high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, lays special emphasis on political work, and advocates that the human factor, political work, ideological work and living ideas must have priority. How does Ouyang Hai become a hero of our age? To answer this question, we must see how the fierce sparks of class hatred in his mind flare up into a flame of proletarian consciousness and communist thinking, as he advances from the realm of necessity to that of freedom. During this arduous ideological struggle the Party and Mao Tse-tung's thought are the most important keys which inspire Ouyang Hai's class consciousness and self-remoulding, leading him to conquer the greatest difficulties until finally he emerges triumphant from this class struggle in his own mind. A principled stand of a very high order results from his high degree of political consciousness, turning this common yet outstanding soldier into a pure, resolute fighter for socialism and communism. Thus Ouyang Hai said during his life, "If we are called upon to sacrifice ourselves for the communist ideal, I believe each one of us should and can do so without changing colour, without a quickened heartbeat."

The author portrays the mental development of Ouyang Hai in a vivid, concrete manner from beginning to end. The red line of ideological struggle and the maturing of his hero's ideas is drawn tighter and tighter, raised higher and higher, to bring out the relationship between the different characters, the dramatic clashes in the novel and its main theme. The further we read the more deeply involved and stirred we feel, and each gripping episode has a profound lesson for the reader.

If the episode in which Ouyang Hai swings his hammer 280 times in swift succession shows the stamina which impresses his whole company and conjures up a vivid picture of this fine soldier, as the

story goes on new challenges confront him and still higher ideological demands.

At this crucial moment the Party recognizes his good points as well as certain shortcomings none too easy to detect. Then the Party has to consider how to temper this fine material into pure steel.

The political instructor of the company, Party secretary Tseng Wu-chun, is a man brought up under Chairman Mao's teachings on the importance of emphasizing politics in building up the army. Now by means of his warm, comradely influence, he passes on to Ouyang Hai the proletarian, Party and revolutionary army traditions and style of work. Trained by the Party in stern battles, Tseng Wu-chun now leads young Ouyang Hai forward to greater heights than he himself has attained.

Through many common everyday incidents, the novel shows its characters involved in burning ideological struggles. For iron ore cannot change itself into steel unless it is tempered with fire, beaten on an anvil. Only when the molten iron is red through and through and sparks fly at each blow, can it become pure steel. Two episodes in this novel have a particular significance. One is entitled "Strike Even a Good Drum Hard." When the company is considering whom to send to take part in the bayonet display at a conference of militia activists, most members of the Party committee vote for Ouyang Hai because he handles the bayonet better than anyone else in the company. In the end, however, Liu Wei-cheng is chosen instead because the political instructor has seen both Ouyang Hai's strong points and the negative factor in his character, and in order to correct his weakness for winning first place points out, "I don't think giving him this honour now would help him..." and "On the whole, he knows now why he's joined the revolution. But to become a real revolutionary, to become the kind of person Chairman Mao has taught us to be — for that, he's got to work hard, and our Party branch should put more effort into helping him." This is a stern test for Ouyang Hai. When the decision is announced he lowers his head and says nothing, and while the others help Liu Wei-cheng practise bayonet thrusts on the drill ground he sits all by himself in the barracks reading. Liu beats all the other men, and even Company Commander Kuan Ying-kuei

only draws with him. But the company commander has spotted a weakness in Liu, and he asks Ouyang Hai to help him overcome it. Ouyang Hai, who is unwilling to go, has to be dragged to the drill ground. An exciting contest ensues. Ouyang Hai goes all out in his eagerness to win, not realizing the personal interests in his motives. After three bouts one of the men exclaims, "I've never seen bayonets so well handled before." The result is 3:0. But Liu Wei-cheng is left standing there alone, for Ouyang Hai has quickly disappeared. This is followed on a higher plane by a fierce ideological struggle. Tseng Wu-chun decides that the time has come to use the heavy drumstick, and he seeks out Ouyang Hai. The young soldier has never seen the political instructor in the grip of such emotion, nor has he ever been so sharply criticized. For Tseng has recognized the negative factor in Ouyang Hai's thinking and knows that if allowed to gain the upper hand it will destroy the young soldier, whereas if it is overcome he will be able to make rapid progress. Tseng tells him, "Even honour, Ouyang Hai, isn't something we revolutionaries hanker after. We should compete in being loyal to the Party, in wholeheartedly serving the people. We shouldn't compete with our own comrades for honours." He goes on to describe how once, in a battle, the company commander and another man each wanted the other to take the credit for capturing a heavy machine-gun. Each word he says finds its mark in Ouyang Hai's heart, touching him on the raw. But when at last he looks up, the political instructor has gone and in his place is the company clerk who comes to urge Tseng to fill up the column for merits and awards in his cadre's form which he has always left blank. It dawns on Ouyang Hai that it was the political instructor himself who deferred that time to the company commander. This is a most graphic and gripping episode. If Tseng's criticism was the "heavy drumstick," let us have another look at the "good drum." Ouyang Hai is too upset that night to sleep. He sits up in his bunk and, with tears of shame in his eyes, by the light of a flashlight writes a self-criticism for the Party committee. And at once he puts what he has learned into practice, for not for nothing is Ouyang Hai called a good drum. The next morning as soon as it

is light he seeks out Liu Wei-cheng on the drill ground and helps him practise with the bayonet.

This is an example of how the author uses a specific incident to probe deeply into his characters' minds, disclose the real nature of things, and emphasize men's political consciousness as well as the power of Mao Tse-tung's thought to educate men.

One stormy night while doing an emergency job on the work site, Tseng Wu-chun breaks his right arm and is so badly injured that he has to be hospitalized. But although his breath is coming in gasps his voice rings clear and loud as, on the point of leaving, on behalf of the Party committee he admits Ouyang Hai into the Party. He leaves the young soldier three volumes of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and the parting injunction: "Oppose every kind of bourgeois idea.... You must first win the victory in your own mind." It is a fierce battle, sure enough. The political instructor who watched over and guided his progress has left, but Ouyang Hai has now set his feet on the path of true selflessness, searching eagerly for the truth and struggling hard to rid himself of all bourgeois ideas and establish a proletarian ideology. With a high degree of class consciousness he reads Chairman Mao's works avidly, puts Chairman Mao's instructions into practice and advances steadily. He is just as dogged and determined as before but has acquired a new integrity. He is trying to achieve nobility and purity of spirit, to be a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests. He is all set to travel far.

The episode just mentioned touches upon Ouyang Hai's innermost thoughts, but the climax of the book comes in Chapters 8 and 9, "A New Test" and "Charging Towards the Flames," which show how Ouyang Hai handles his relationship with the assistant political instructor Hsueh Hsin-wen. This is a sharp clash between materialism and idealism. Hsueh Hsin-wen means well but without carefully studying the situation he pins the label "arrogant and complacent" on Ouyang Hai, and is thoroughly subjective in his "helpful" criticism of him and Liu Yen-sheng, another soldier. This complex struggle is intrinsically one between two different world outlooks, but it also involves the relationship between the leadership and those led, and the clash between a principled and an unprincipled stand.... The

ideological struggle develops as the inner contradiction in the situation is revealed, and Ouyang Hai finds himself up against a more complex test than any he has faced before. But by now he is capable of determining his course of action from the viewpoint of long-term revolutionary ideals. If in the first half of the book Ouyang Hai was still in the "realm of necessity," he is now approaching the "realm of freedom." He knows it will not be easy to cope with this problem, knows too that whether or not it is handled correctly is of great importance to the whole company, affecting its progress and ability to fight at the forefront of the revolution. At this crucial moment Ouyang Hai, prototype of the new generation of Communists, attains his full moral stature. Putting every selfish motive aside, he not only maintains a highly principled stand but a comradely attitude too. He criticizes Hsueh seriously and helps him in a comradely way. On the question of Liu Yen-sheng, he does not hide his opinion but takes a principled stand and fearlessly goes to the deputy political instructor to criticize him. Although Ouyang Hai is misunderstood, he tries hard to set a good example in all he does, and even when his hand is burnt he sticks at his post and goes on with his job. Of course, Hsueh Hsin-wen being subjective does not see this, and the men in his squad express their indignation. This is a very hard test. But Ouyang Hai patiently and earnestly points out in the squad meeting that a soldier should see what is positive in criticism or praise from a superior. He himself sees the deputy instructor's good points as well as shortcomings and reminds the men how well he takes the lead in manual labour. It is not so easy to work without sparing oneself; it is even harder to take unfair criticism in one's stride. Here Ouyang Hai is not only protecting the leadership but the solidarity of the revolutionary ranks. This broad-mindedness and complete lack of personal resentment fully measure up to the absolute fearlessness of a true Marxist. After being remoulded by Mao Tse-tung's thought, Ouyang Hai is now a man with a communist spirit, one who stands at the forefront of our age. The mental stature he attains in this ideological struggle for a principled Party stand make these the two finest chapters in the whole novel. This man armed with Mao Tse-tung's

thought reveals tremendous strength not only in the tempestuous struggle at the work site but also in the stormy clash of ideas.

By this time, by describing Ouyang Hai's ideological struggle, his growth to maturity and the role he plays, the author has succeeded in his task of creating the image of a great communist hero. We can well believe that in a revolutionary struggle such a character will certainly go forward unflinchingly wherever he is required; thus there is no need for a detailed description of the actual circumstances of his heroic death. This is why the author devotes a little space merely at the end to a solemn, revolutionary tribute to conclude the novel. To quote from the book: "In that brief moment, he may not have said anything, thought anything, seen anything or heard anything. But he was impelled forward by one conviction: I mustn't let any harm come to the people's lives and property. Now is the time to give my life for the communist ideal. A Communist should rush forward."

When Ouyang Hai leaves Phoenix Village to join the army, he is set on becoming a fighting hero like Tung Tsun-jui. And this is surely a very fine ideal. But when his class consciousness awakens he remembers his instructor's words and forms a new conviction: If a man can discard all selfish ideas and work whole-heartedly for the Party, the revolution and the people, even if he has no medal pinned on his chest, no certificate of merit, such a man is a true hero. By this time he is beginning to have a truly great ideal. For when Ouyang Hai longs passionately to become an outstanding hero, he is not yet a true hero; he only becomes one when he works whole-heartedly and steadily for the revolution at an ordinary post. Such a hero not only acts bravely but, what is more important, possesses the mighty strength that comes from the communist ideology and spirit. In this way, the image of a hero in our socialist literature has been raised to a new height.

The Song of Ouyang Hai is extremely realistic in its description of characters, real life and the development of historical events and many of its chapters attain such a high degree of art that the characters seem to come alive so that we can practically hear their voices. This,

however, is only one feature of the book and does not convey its artistic characteristics in full. The point is that all the realistic details are integrated by the brilliance of a great and inspiring ideal. This accounts for the new artistic style of *The Song of Ouyang Hai*, a style full of revolutionary fervour, majestic in tone, extremely political and extremely artistic at the same time.

It writes of the bitter suffering in the old society. Starvation and death haunt Ravens Nest half blotted out by driving snow, and ruin stares the poor peasants in the face after their last inch of land has been snatched away. Here Ouyang Hai's baby sister dies of hunger. This harrowing account tugs at our heart-strings. But it does not overpower us with its sorrow and bitterness, for the author succeeds in depicting the burning class hatred and indomitable will of the Ouyang family. It portrays the sterling character of the poor.

It writes of contradictions, of contradictions among the people, even within the ranks of the army and the Party. It writes about the conflicts within a heroic character, about his shortcomings and mistakes, measuring them by the yardstick of the class struggle. Of the two sections mentioned earlier, one deals with the ideological struggle in Ouyang Hai's mind, the other with the conflict of ideas between Ouyang Hai and Hsueh Hsin-wen, the deputy political instructor who is his superior. These conflicts in ideas bring out the spiritual world and mentality of both men, rounding out their characters.

It also writes about death — Ouyang Hai being swept under the wheels of the rushing train and falling in a pool of blood. The book not only presents the heart-rending cries of his comrades but also the sad laments which reverberate in the valley through which flows the River Hsiang and are echoed by the mountain peaks all around. The tragic loss of a man like Ouyang Hai must surely bring tears to our eyes. But the author does not make us dwell on the agonies of death or the torment of sorrow. If he makes us shed tears, it is due not to despair but to exaltation. Maple leaves dye the whole mountainside a bright red and the train roars thunderously across the broad plains, but in the notebook left by Ouyang Hai are the following words: "Even though one day I shall cease to exist, I still believe implicitly that the ideal of communism will triumph and

more and more awakened people will fight for its realization!" This makes us feel that though dead Ouyang Hai lives on, like the green pine depicted symbolically in the first chapter, quietly forming fresh annual rings in those bitter years of suffering. In concluding the book, the author once again writes in a symbolic manner, "It was at this moment that a ray of sunshine lit up the hilltop that was Phoenix Village. The green pine was standing firm and erect under the sun, looking greener and straighter than ever after the rain.... And under the green pine, a host of pine seeds had sprouted and rows of sturdy pine saplings were growing in the sunlight." In this way the author takes us on from Ouyang Hai's death to a higher and broader plane.

The Song of Ouyang Hai does not avoid contradictions, nor does it try to avoid the depiction of misery or death. Instead it turns these into a strong ideological force, a powerful artistic force which moves and inspires the reader. I think the main point to note is that the author wrote with deep proletarian class feeling. The basic source of the book's tremendous impact is the sublimity of the proletarian viewpoint and Mao Tse-tung's thought, the peak of the highest ideal of communism from which life is observed and depicted. Only a writer with this point of departure can produce works which combine revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism.

Is not the spirit of the "foolish old man who removed the mountains" in our socialist time full of revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism? Are not the spirit of the PLA, the spirit of Taching and Tachai full of revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism? Comrade Lin Piao once said: "Our Party is the vanguard of the proletariat. It is full of vitality and never gets moribund because our philosophy is a militant philosophy, which ensures that we advance uninterruptedly, a philosophy which ensures a vigorous vitality." This revolutionary philosophy integrates sober scientific analysis with an ardent revolutionary spirit. That is why a proletarian revolutionary sees the bright side in times of difficulty and sees victory when he sacrifices his life. A revolutionary is inspired at all times and under all circumstances by noble ideals and lofty aspirations.

Revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism in art spring from the revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism in real

life. Only when a writer takes Mao Tse-tung's thought as his orientation, adopts a genuine proletarian stand, is imbued with genuine proletarian ideas and sentiments, has a militant philosophy and a truth-seeking spirit, observes life carefully and deeply and yet stands high and looks far ahead, always conscious of his ideals, only then can he merge revolutionary exaltation with realistic description. A method of creation is by no means a mere technique of writing; it includes the whole process of observing life and the attainment of the freshest and most perfect form to express the contents of life. A writer of the era of the proletarian revolution can be boldly creative, achieving variegated forms and patterns, evolving a new contemporary style and creating a unique artistic form which expresses the spirit of the age of the proletarian revolution only when he has a genuine and profound understanding of his own age and the people of his age and is imbued with the most advanced, most revolutionary ideas. It is only when he has a truly proletarian world outlook and approach to art that he is able to master the proletarian artistic method.

If we merely try to interpret the integration of revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism in terms of abstract definitions in the way the bourgeois histories of literature interpret things, we will be acting like armchair strategists and such discussions will not lead us to a mastery of this revolutionary method of creation in a hundred years. But if you rid yourself of the bourgeois way of doing things and dare to break the set rules, if you adopt a proletarian stand and fill your head with Mao Tse-tung's thought, you will be guided by sharp acumen and will penetrate to the essential substance of the real and spiritual life of the revolutionary people. Only then can you employ the best method of creative writing, integrating revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. Only then can you express truthfully, accurately and dynamically the revolutionary features and magnificence of our age. Only an author who is a most sober revolutionary realist but at the same time has the richest revolutionary ideals is able to observe and reflect life with sober analysis and revolutionary fervour.

The distinctive artistic feature of *The Song of Ouyang Hai* lies in its synthesis of militant proletarian philosophy with revolutionary lyricism,

that is why I say that the style of this excellent book is in the tradition of the *Internationale*, aglow with revolutionary ideas and revolutionary art. It is this method of integrating revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism that gives *The Song of Ouyang Hai* its artistic brilliance, freshness and appeal. Some chapters have the beauty of lyric poems, some the colour of a vivid oil painting and some the majesty of a grand chorale. But the most important thing is that every page of this book is written in magnificent, forceful language, with vivid colours and a heroic tone; it is a most revolutionary, militant book. And so each fresh development, each detail even, is endued by the author with the most stirring and profound class feelings and noble revolutionary ideals.

While reading this novel I read again what Chairman Mao said about how the communist ideology and social system, are sweeping through the world with the momentum of an avalanche and the force of a thunder-bolt, full of youthfulness and vitality. To my mind, our proletarian revolutionary literature should be not only a song of praise but a battle song in the decisive battle between socialism and communism on the one hand and capitalism and imperialism on the other. *The Song of Ouyang Hai* is a battle song of communism, which inspires people to advance in the footsteps of Ouyang Hai and to fight for communism like Ouyang Hai.

Tsai Hui

The True Renegade Features of Sholokhov

The law of history is extremely severe. At critical moments of struggle, it always ruthlessly forces the opportunists of various sorts and renegades to tear off the veils covering their faces so that their true features are exposed. Such is the case of Mikhail A. Sholokhov. In October 1965, the "Communist" and "proletarian writer" Sholokhov, in a state of awed excitement, accepted the Nobel prize for literature which even the French bourgeois writer Jean-Paul Sartre would not accept. In Sartre's words, to accept the prize would be to receive "a distinction reserved for the writers of the West or for the traitors of the East."

Ever since the victory of the great October Socialist Revolution, the organization in charge of awarding the Nobel prize for literature has sought for "traitors of the East" among Russian writers in a hundred and one ways. Although they loudly proclaimed how very much they valued "literary talents," they never recognized the literary talents of Gorky whom Lenin praised. And it is only those "talents" among Russian writers, who stubbornly oppose communism and the October Socialist Revolution, whom they approve, take pains to seek out, and reward lavishly.

In 1933, that is, in the sixteenth year after the victory of the October Revolution, the Nobel prize committee for the first time gave the prize for literature to a Russian writer. The writer was not Gorky or any other author who supported the socialist revolution. It was "White Russian author" Ivan Bunin, who bitterly hated the October Revolution and fled to live in Paris.

With the same kind of political motivation in 1958, the committee gave the prize to another notorious traitor: Boris Pasternak, author of the anti-communist novel *Dr. Zhivago.* And through this, reactionaries all over the world stirred up an anti-Soviet, anti-communist wave. The Western bourgeois press expressed great appreciation for the role played by the Nobel prize for literature and the Vienna paper *Kurrier* went so far as to call it "the Nobel prize against communism." At that time, the Soviet people angrily denounced the Nobel prize for literature as a "tool of the West," and unanimously condemned the traitorous behaviour of Pasternak. The Soviet paper *Pravda* had to say on October 26 of that year: "The man to whom the reactionary bourgeoisie awarded the Nobel prize" "was one who had slandered the socialist revolution and the Soviet people." Even Sholokhov, though unwillingly, felt forced to state his position by denouncing Pasternak as "an internal emigré."

Most ironic is the fact that not so many years later Sholokhov himself gratefully accepted the Nobel prize for literature which he himself once condemned as having been awarded to "an internal emigré." Of course, with Sholokhov's "talents" he could not be so stupid as to openly admit that what he accepted was a reward for traitors. So Sholokhov and the small handful of modern revisionist writers whom he represents are now doing all they can to make the Soviet people believe that the nature of the Nobel prize for literature has changed and has become extraordinarily "unbiased." Speaking to a UPI correspondent, a leading member of the Union of Soviet Writers even had the impudence to describe the award as "a great prize for socialist literature." The Central Committee of the C.P.S.U.

and the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R. also stepped forward and, in their own right, spoke of it as "another proof of the world's recognition"... "of the indisputable achievements of socialist realist literature."

Enough, worthy sorcerers! Brilliant though your sleight-of-hand, your extreme excitement arising from the unexpected flattery you feel about the prize being awarded Sholokhov has caused you to "neglect" an important fact, namely, that Anders Osterling, chairman of the Nobel committee of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, has already provided a public explanation of why they awarded him the prize. And the reason is not that they had changed their position but that "although Mr. Sholokhov is a convinced Communist, he kept ideological comment completely out of his great, four-volume work. (*And Quiet Flows the Don*)"

Well, now, have you not — you, the leaders of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U. and ministers of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers, you the important and the not so important commentators of the Soviet Union — have you not been making absolutely positive statements that the award of the Nobel prize for literature to Sholokhov shows "recognition" of "socialist realist literature," and is "a great prize for socialist literature"? So now it is clear: Your much advertised "socialist literature" is the kind of literature, a literature, so-called, "with no ideological tendency" and "standing above classes," that is encouraged by the bourgeoisie. You glibly profess to abide by Lenin's principles. Yet you have altogether forgotten these slogans of Lenin: "Down with non-partisan writers! Down with literary supermen!" Is there not powerful irony in this itself?

In fact, there is no such thing as literature that "keeps out ideological comment completely," that "stands above classes." These are simply literary terms used by the bourgeoisie and the revisionists to fool readers, to mislead them and cover up the despicable purpose of serving imperialism and the bourgeoisie. In the present-day world, all literature and art belong to a particular class and conform to a particular political line; hence, they necessarily propagandize a particular ideology and have a particular political tendency. Literature that the bourgeoisie and modern revisionists style as unrelated to ideology

in reality spreads the reactionary ideology of the bourgeoisie in a hundred and one ways and has a reactionary political tendency.

Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don* is just such a "great work." If this novel is analysed from the Marxist, class viewpoint, it is not difficult to discover that one of the important reasons why Sholokhov's name is listed together with that of Boris Pasternak on the "roll of Nobel prize-winners for literature" is precisely because his "great four-volume work" produces the same effect as Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago,* although in a different way. If in *Dr. Zhivago* Pasternak paints a vicious picture of the "ruin" of the Russian intellectuals in the new society, and hurls all kinds of slanders at the Soviet Red Army and the new life after the October Revolution, through portraying an old Russian bourgeois intellectual, Zhivago, who hates the October Revolution and the socialist system, then it is equally true that Sholokhov, through his undisguised praise of the counter-revolutionary Grigory, who had frenziedly fought the Red Army and had committed many bloody crimes, in his novel *And Quiet Flows the Don,* venomously attacks the October Socialist Revolution and the "inhumanity" of class struggle — because they not only crushed the "fine soul" of Grigory and robbed him of everything which could "connect him with the world he lives in," but also ruined the peaceful, happy and tranquil life of the Melekhov family — and hurls outright curses on revolutionary wars.

At the recent 23rd Congress of the C.P.S.U. which began with a big fanfare, Sholokhov condemned some Soviet writers as "renegades," and said: "There is nothing so foul and base as slandering one's own mother, vilely insulting her and raising one's hand against her." Actually, are not these words appropriate for Sholokhov himself? As far back as two decades ago, he had already used his *And Quiet Flows the Don* to vilify the path of the October Revolution; he had already raised his hand against his own "mother," against Lenin, Stalin, and the great October Socialist Revolution!

With a class sensitivity uniquely its own, the U.S. bourgeois press has clearly seen the violent anti-communist ideology in *And Quiet Flows the Don* and has therefore given it a high appraisal. When

Sholokhov received the Nobel prize for literature, the *Saturday Review* wrote excitedly that this Russian prize-winner "represents those very Don Cossacks who had fought against the Red Army," and that he "has voiced through his fictional characters certain doubts about communist dogmas and practices." It is not hard to see that the reactionary Western bourgeoisie look on Sholokhov with favour for this important reason, not any other reason.

A question worthy of deeper thought is why, when Sholokhov was previously put forward as a candidate for the Nobel prize for literature twenty years ago (in 1946), the Western bourgeoisie did not choose him at that time but only "discovered" his "talent" nineteen years later (in 1965). What is the key to this mystery?

When the mystery is solved, the reason turns out to be very simple; before the Khrushchov revisionists usurped the leadership of the Soviet Union, Sholokhov was not, after all, so bold as to reveal himself fully in his true colours. Therefore, although the Western bourgeoisie greatly appreciated his *And Quiet Flows the Don*, they could not as yet trust him fully; consequently they took a "wait and see" attitude. At that time, although Sholokhov had already attacked revolutionary wars and the October Revolution in his novel, yet he still on occasions had to say something hypocritically in praise of the October Revolution and of Stalin.

Like Khrushchov, he used to call Stalin his "father." At Stalin's unfortunate death in 1953, Sholokhov had cried out in a hypocritical tone: "Father, farewell, farewell for ever, dear father whom I warmly loved throughout my life!" and he swore to store up for Stalin "sacred condolences for ever in my heart."

Yet within a very short period, at the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U. in 1956, he publicly embraced Khrushchov who was madly attacking Stalin, and closely colluded with Khrushchov in unbridled attacks on Fadeyev, one of the chief leaders of the C.P.S.U. in the sphere of literature during the time when Stalin was in leadership. Then he wrote his short story *A Man's Lot* which can be called a specimen of modern revisionist literature, and became Khrushchov's

bell-wether in spreading revisionism in the field of Soviet literature and art.

Thereafter, wherever Khrushchov flew, Sholokhov always remained, as he had sworn, "together" with him "ideologically." Still more revoltingly, this same Sholokhov brazenly announced at the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U. that he felt a kind of "unutterable... man's ... admiration" for Khrushchov.

Naturally Khrushchov and his successors also showed unusual appreciation of this faithful mouthpiece, who has a special role to play. For not only does he have the title of "Party member writer" but he is a winner of the Stalin prize and has always been a deputy to the Supreme Soviet. This collection of titles can, at least for the time being, mislead some Soviet people and some personalities in international cultural circles who do not know the real facts, and can play a certain deceptive role among them.

Soviet-U.S. collaboration for the domination of the world is the very soul of the Khrushchov revisionist line. This is why Sholokhov has worked hard to peddle Soviet-U.S. cultural co-operation among Soviet readers and in international cultural circles, and has become an eager fugleman for Soviet-U.S. cultural co-operation.

On the one hand, inside the Soviet Union he has been actively spreading bourgeois thinking, the bourgeois theory of human nature and bourgeois notions of liberty, equality and fraternity, and has been instilling into the mass of Soviet readers reactionary bourgeois ideas of individualism, humanitarianism and pacifism. And, on the other hand, he has completely changed his "hermit-like" way of life and has repeatedly gone abroad on propaganda missions everywhere to prod writers of the oppressed nations and oppressed classes to take "united action" and "express opinions collectively" with imperialist and bourgeois writers.

Towards this end he has pleaded to U.S. imperialism: "Let us visit each other! We have nothing to quarrel over and no reason to fight one another!" Thus, at a European conference of writers, he appealed with all his might for writers to "come to agreement" and "find a common language" "just as the great statesmen and

diplomats" of the United States, the Soviet Union and Britain were doing.

What is his motive? He is trying to protect the interests of the ruling clique in both the Soviet Union and the United States and he does not allow people to rise up in revolution. Sholokhov is indiscriminately against every kind of war; when it comes to a revolutionary war of oppressed people or a war of liberation waged by an invaded nation, he always wants the writers of the world to be the first to rush forward and say "no" and to speak up before those who say "yes." In short, he not only has turned traitor to revolution himself but does not allow others to rise up in revolution. And he not only does not permit others to make revolutions but wants all writers in the world "to unite" and "collectively" forbid others to make revolutions.

These are the services for which Sholokhov has not only won the special favour of Khrushchov and his successors but also prizes from the reactionary Western bourgeoisie.

Facts show that the nature of the Nobel prize which the Soviet people call a "tool of the West" has not changed, but Sholokhov has already completely discarded the fig-leaf with which he had covered his nakedness and stands completely revealed as a "tool of the West." The reactionary bourgeoisie has finally found a more useful "traitor of the East" than Boris Pasternak.

We can say to Sholokhov and the handful of modern revisionist writers and artists he represents: Do not crow too soon. Do not get conceited too soon! Since you have openly betrayed the cause of proletarian revolution, you will surely be cast aside by the Soviet people and all the revolutionary peoples of the world. The wheel of history mercilessly crushes all obstacles on its road of advance. The proletarian revolutionary cause, the revolutionary cause of all the oppressed people of the world, full of youthfulness and vitality, will surely sweep through the world with the momentum of an avalanche and the force of a thunder-bolt. Proletarian revolutionary literature and art will surely grow in vigour in the course of struggle and will always serve as the war drums and as the clarion call to inspire the people to rise up in struggle.

"World Literature" Resumes Publication

The magazine *World Literature* which temporarily suspended publication last year has now come out again in Peking as a bi-monthly. In the first issue pride of place is given to works by Vietnamese writers from the forefront of the fight against U.S. imperialism, including poems by To Huu and Thanh Hai, the story *Wings* by Huu Mai and the story *In the Early Days* by Lam Dong, a writer from south Vietnam. Considerable space is also devoted to the works of Japanese writers, the stories *Notes Under the Starlight* by Kiyoshi Kaneoya and *Mystery of the "Imperial Bank Murder"* by Seicho Matsumoto, and articles by Sawako Ariyoshi and Yoshiteru Akiyama. An excerpt from the American writer John Oliver Killens' novel *And Then We Heard the Thunder* describes the struggle against racial discrimination and for freedom and equal rights waged by American Negro soldiers during the second world war.

Paris Commune Exhibition

An exhibition of relics and documents of the Paris Commune, sponsored by the Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations and Friendship with Foreign Countries, opened at the end of March this year in the Peking Exhibition Hall. Nearly 400 exhibits were displayed, including pictures, photographs, medallions, periodicals and stamps. They were arranged in five sections according to the history of the Paris Commune: "Armed Uprising," "Dictatorship of

the Proletariat," "Heroic Struggle," "Spirit of Internationalism" and "Long Live the Principles of the Revolution." At the entrance to the exhibition was displayed the famous saying of Karl Marx, "Working men's Paris, with its Commune, will be for ever celebrated as the glorious harbinger of a new society. Its martyrs are enshrined in the great heart of the working class." This exhibition aroused such interest in the capital that it had to be prolonged before it went on to Shanghai and other cities. The exhibits were brought from England by Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hutchins. They were present at the opening of the exhibition in Peking and greatly moved at the sight of the large number of enthusiastic visitors who came to see the exhibition.

Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art

MAO TSE-TUNG

This pamphlet contains the two famous speeches of Mao Tse-tung that ushered in a new era for literature and art in China. Addressed to writers and artists in Yenan in May 1942, they discuss a series of questions: Why China's revolutionary literature and art can and must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers; what relation literature and art have to politics; the springs of literary and artistic creation; and the criteria of literary and artistic criticism. The author also criticizes the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois views on literature and art.

44 pages **18.5 x 13 cm.** **Half cloth and paper**

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS, Peking, China

Apply to your local dealer or write directly to **GUOZI SHUDIAN,** Peking

Mao Tse-tung on Art and Literature

This is a collection of the author's theoretical essays on art and literature. They contain profound expositions on many fundamental questions such as: For whom our art and literature should be intended; the standpoint and attitude of artists and writers; popularization and elevation; the criteria of literary criticism; how to assimilate critically Chinese and foreign cultural heritage; and how to create an original, vivid and vigorous style.

150 pages **18.5 x 13 cm.** **Half cloth and paper**

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS, Peking, China

Apply to your local dealer or write directly to **GUOZI SHUDIAN,** Peking